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ISOMER by
RICHARD STEEL

KING

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*the leather
bar scene*



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DRUMMER

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DRUMMER

VOLUME I, NUMBER V MARCH/APRIL 1976

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

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coming up:



MARKS MAKE THE MAN!

So says an authority on tattooing, branding and other means of identification.



PLAYING WITH FIRE

Burning fiction by Orlando Paris



FETISH OF THE MONTH

When some people throw themselves at your feet, they're getting to the hard of the matter!



DRUMMER GOES TO A SLAVE AUCTION

Step right up and see Val Martin parade tender young stuff, for sale to the highest bidder... and all for charity!

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

LETTERS

Sirs:

I enjoy your issues of DRUMMER very much, and I have also culled a couple of groovy "m"s from my membership in "The Leather Fraternity." But for DRUMMER, how about some more detailed hard core slave-Master experiences?

William
Brooklyn, New York

Sir!

Thank you for the fourth issue of DRUMMER. I, and all my brothers, enjoyed especially your articles on the Leather Sabbat and the visit to Larry's. Here, where leather events are few and far between, reading about what's going on out there and ogling pictures of same are our favorite substitutes for the real thing. Please keep bringing us more of this type of coverage.

Actually, the whole issue was pretty terrific. Mr. Val Martin, who must be the hunkiest number I've seen in a long time and is my favorite Master fantasy, was the highlight of the issue once again. More, please, Sir!

Rich
Houston, Texas

Dear DRUMMER:

This week the current issue of DRUMMER came in. What a surprise! The paper is fuller (more pages), richer paper and better contents. My heartiest congratulations for all the improvements; I only hope and wish for another to come soon... monthly appearance. For the moment, let's drink to it.

Alwin
Zurich, Switzerland

Gentlemen:

It appears your magazine is getting better with each issue. I find I am wishing it would come out more often. I am planning to be in the Los Angeles area in July, and I'm hoping to learn more about where to go and hoping to contact someone to go there with. Thanks for all your help. I'm very pleased to be a member of The Leather Fraternity!

Ken
Houston, Texas

Dear Drummer:

It is with a considerable amount of gratitude and relief that I congratulate you for the most excellent coverage in the January/February issue of DRUMMER of Chuck Arnett ("Lautrec in Leather"), which I just finished reading.

I have seen other magazines that purport to cover all aspects of the gay scene and other artists lauded and eulogized for their work. While I can admire and appreciate gay art, the articles always left a sour taste in my mouth because they passed over the person whom I and countless others deem as the foremost artistic exponent of the leather/bike scene.

I truthfully and wholeheartedly both congratulate and thank your editor(s) for being the first to finally give much-appreciated space in your publication to a man who truly deserves more applause than anyone could ever lay on him for his seemingly effortless outpouring of graphics and design in keeping with our way of life.

DRUMMER, you are a most welcome addition and asset to our scene. May I extend my personal wish for continued success with your fine publication.

Marcus G. Manulis
Emperor I of San Francisco

The Emperor and others will be interested in DRUMMER Publication's new book, a collection of Chuck Arnett's work. Forty-eight pages, unnumbered so they're suitable for framing, of wild Arnett art, reproduced on excellent stock and bound with a gold cover. This limited edition is available through DRUMMER [5466 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles 90029] for just \$10, plus 50c postage and 60c California State Sales Tax.

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is great, really excellent. I'm pretty new to this and have found your mag to be really informative, especially "Jeannie's Lamp" and "Sir!" Thanks.

Bob
Albany, New York

Beginning with this issue, Jeannie is incorporating the Lamp with some editorial ramblings she insisted on [see page 62]. That's women for you!

Dear Mr. Payne:

I look forward to each issue of DRUMMER. The story of the five athletes is very intriguing.

D.F.C.
Denver, Colorado

Dear Sirs:

After reading your defense for running the ad placed by the Nazi Party (National Socialist League), I at first understood your willingness to allow them their constitutional right.

But when I was reading your last edition, and that familiar ad with the swastika stared me in the eye, I not only felt nauseated but was disgusted, horrified and furious.

There are limits to the freedoms that should be granted people and organizations. The symbol that this party represents annihilated my people, my relatives, 20 million Russians, millions of Poles and other nationalities and caused unimaginable suffering which was felt in every corner of the world and will be felt for a long time to come.

Is there really such a following for the Nazis among gay people into leather that they feel it worthwhile to place an ad with you? I find this very hard to believe. Many gays are turned on to uniform trips, military-style dominance and the like, but what on earth does this have to do with following Nazi ideology of murder, hatred and extermination of innocent people?

I'm convinced that the number of gay people who follow the ideology are miniscule, the same as one would find in any other part of society. Therefore, you are embarrassing yourselves by continuing to run this ad. You are making it look bad for The Leather Fraternity, whose members must be as repulsed by this as any human being.

Anything responsible for the murder of millions loses its right to exist. To me, that is just and constitutional.

Richard
San Francisco, California

Sir:

I never expected to see anything as good quality as DRUMMER to convey that Leather and S&M experience. Thanks for getting it going. I hope it will last a long time, both for the Leathermen's pleasure and your own reasonable profit.

"Five in the Trainer's Room" is very good. Enjoy the Leather bar articles. "Necrophilia" was a cold-chill turn-off.

I add my protest to the Nazi ad you carry. I don't think you have to carry everybody's ad when it is against what you stand for. Your enemy may have a right to be heard, but you don't have to provide the means. The Nazis stood for oppression and destruction of all they disagreed with or that got in their way. I don't think that's what S&M and

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

Leather are all about.

With that reservation, everything I feel about DRUMMER is 99% positive.

H.L.W.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:

THE COLTS OF FT. LAUDERDALE are most impressed with your publication. We have our own little giveaway that goes to all the levi-leather clubs and bars we can find. We are truly excited about the brotherhood of gay butch men.

If we can help you in any way, please let us know. Also, if any of your staff ever comes this way let us know and we will make certain they are well taken care of.

In the L/L tradition

Lee Albert, Secretary

THE COLTS OF FT. LAUDERDALE

Thank you both for your thoughts. We definitely have no affinity for the Nazi Party, but we feel that by refusing to run their ad we would be playing their game.

Dear Sir:

I have just read the January/February issue of Drummer, every single word of it. It was a real pleasure to find a publication that was intelligently written without losing the "guts" that make your magazine a hard-on from the first page to the last.

I'm not sure where you got your information on us, but we are very flattered to be listed in your Leather Bar Scene. We are just beginning, but we're getting there.

Special praise for the Scott Masters series, "Five in the Trainer's Room."

Enclosed find my application for subscription. Congratulations on your terrific magazine.

Stay hard,

DUDE

Brothers MC
Jacksonville, FL

DRUMMER:

Your magazine is superb... a real service to the community of addicts. Best wishes for continued success.

R.B.

Bronx, New York

BOYS

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
A boy at his work or play,
A boy who whistles around the place,
Or laughs in an artless way.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
And the world must wait and see,
For every man in an honored place,
Is a boy that used to be.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
A boy with his face aglow,
For hid in his heart there are secrets deep
Not even the wisest know.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
A boy with his bare, white feet;
So have a smile and a kindly word,
For every boy you meet.

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FILMS/MAGAZINES/PHOTOS





SCAT

ANYONE?

Oh, shit; it's the same old thing for dinner again!

I'm not a doctor or psychiatrist or even a missionary. I'm a Masochist. I've participated in or endured every scene short of those that disfigure or require physical damage. But now, attractive and in my early 30s with a big, fat cock and balls, a masculine, solid, hairy body and an agile mind full of fantasies and fun, I've begun to specialize. Not because a man working over and into my asshole isn't great, nor did I get so used to pins in my nipples that I lost interest, nor have the smell of a man or the taste of his lips or cum or piss lost their allure. It's just that, over the past seven years, I've slowly discovered the one thing that fires every atom of my body and mind and screams that I'm sharing in a full and rare delight for my Master: taking his shit and making it as interesting and exciting as any other part he cares to offer. A deep and excruciating taboo

is lifted, and intimacy and trust test every boundary of the relationship.

You may be better able to relate to my experience than to my credo.

My first S&M exposure was on a Sunday in San Francisco when some friends at the Rendezvous insisted that we all go down to Folsom Street where one of the bars had some wild action in the sawdust. It was my one afternoon a week with the guys, and the only other choice would've been going home alone. I was gloriously 22, but the "dancers" didn't turn me on. My mainstay was an evening at the baths once or twice a week. Anyway, we went into the bar: it was packed with hunky, horny young and old, with lots of leather and levis and few shirts on anyone. Outside it was bright and hot but a furnace, smoky and sweaty and dark, inside. Before my eyes became accustomed, I was dragged to a corner where one

guy sucked my cock and another tongued my ass and still another shared his beer by drinking it, then feeding it to me through deep French kisses. Amyl was under my nose for the first time... it stank... but before I shoved it away the room grew very large and loud, and the smells and contact of all the leather consumed me. The Leatherman who had been sucking my thick cock suddenly stood up and pushed a half-hard uncut cock of about 10 inches into my face and finally into my mouth. More popper, and a dick was filling my ass with cum while the sweaty, smelly, spit-covered rod in my mouth began filling me with warm, sweet liquid. I swallowed and swallowed and suddenly came to with a start: he was PISSING IN ME! I pulled up my pants, hurriedly buttoned my shirt and left feeling very confused and excited. I walked home and beat off to

the remembered smell and sight of that hairy, fleshy cock.

It was months before I could justify going to Folsom Street again, but when a friend invited me to the opening of an all-night place with swimming pool and orgy room, I had a well-washed pair of jeans and T-shirt ready and waiting.

Somehow we made it in, through paying and standing in long lines and finally upstairs to the action. (The swimming pool was only a dream of management at that time, so the choices of activity were limited.) My friend, Stan, was 32 but looked 21, a short blond with eight inches of ever-ready meat and a trim, tight, hot little ass. We played awhile with unsheathed cocks and let ours out for whatever they could get. Suddenly, a large-framed cowboy with long, bare muscular arms reached out and drew both of us to him where we nuzzled his rawhide vest and hairy chest and took turns serving his big dick and heavy foreskin. We could both get the tips of our tongues together up under the foreskin and lick around even while he was hard! He dug it! So the three of us went to Stan's house and tossed some mescaline, spread out a rubber sheet, dug out the Crisco and started eating. The cowboy dominated the scene. He told us his fantasies, tried to discover ours, spanked us, sucked our asses, fucked us and put us in the tub where he pissed on and over us while we peed on each other's cock and balls. The streams were hot, and we forgot the cold tub.

Back to the sheet we had spread. The cowboy made the room totally dark, then slowly rubbed the grease all over us... up our asses, in our armpits, mouths and hair... and we rubbed it over him. The poppers cracked like shells above Fort Sumter! We took turns fucking and sucking and licking, kissing and tonguing every crevice and body surface. Abruptly, Stan wanted a cigarette, snapped on a light to find them, and we saw we were all three covered with the cowboy's shit! We had been chewing it and had thought of nothing more than Crisco lumps.

We showered and went to breakfast in comparative silence and shock. My mind ached. It had been great, the taste was not unusual and had only a distinction, not a value. But it had been SHIT! Jesus!

Slowly, because of a burning curiosity and an easy, attractive masculinity, I was initiated into S&M and its many delights. But every one of us was always "clean." Shit was definitely not something to be accepted. It was seldom mentioned and then condescendingly referred to as scat.

But small experiences kept fueling my growing fantasies. Once, when I crapped at night before a scene, a guy that I had a long S&M relationship with laughed that if he had that timing he "could make a lot of guys happy." A few casual words revealed that more fuckers like me might be around.

Then, in the baths on Folsom Street, I got ripped one night and settled into an orgy room to watch and beat off. I was too uptight to do more than write "dirty sex" on the blackboards, but I never got that aggressive answer and was adrift. Well, two all-Leather dudes trooped into the orgy room. The one was tied in the space in front of me, and the other took off his pants and started shoving nine inches of uncircumcised man into a tight and very receptive blond ass. They fucked for what seemed hours while I beat and fingered my ass and stomach and cock and teased myself to climax several times, always staying on the edge. They moaned loudly together and humped like spastic bodies, cheeks pressing the big, bouncing, hairy and juicy balls, glistening in the dim light of the room. I stared exhilarated as the big cock pulled slowly out of the ass, the still-hard cock with the skin over half the head. Gently the tall, muscular man took two steps toward me and quickly pushed the head of his prick between my lips. "Clean my cock, you cock slave. Eat all that cum off there." The sweetness of his cum was filling my mouth but there was a stronger, browner taste under it. I hesitated. He shoved a popper up my nose and told me to breathe deep. After a few breaths I was facing a long, beautiful shaft of loose manly skin shooting out of a defined stomach and small, thick, wet cluster of hair. The smell was strong. The cock was covered with brown. It was packed into the hair and running alongside the balls and crotch, and it spotted his thighs where his meat had swung against them. Slowly, with his strong firm hands, he guided my mouth. Inch by inch my tongue worked the tip of the sweet and moist dick, the more solid shit under the foreskin, the wet and smooth shit from the long, thick shaft, the matted moisture and turds on the abdomen and the sweet and rich cum-soaked shit on his cock and crotch. The spots on the insides of his thighs were last. In low, insistent tones he encouraged me to clean up a real man, enjoy the juice of that great fuck, be a good toilet slave and don't leave any. I screamed with the burst of cum that rocked through me; my entire being emptied through a throbbing dick I hadn't touched or

thought of until it blew. The man picked me up, kissed me and said he'd look for me later. He had some kinky ideas he wanted me to try. I stumbled to the showers and cleaned up, then went home. I spent the night realizing that my conditioning had decided that shit was bad, piss was bad, fucking was bad, sucking was bad, kissing a man was bad. The conditioning had been wrong all the time, so the time had come to accept this new deviation and try to cope with it to see if it could be satisfying or just something to think about and fear and leave alone.

A little candid discussion at the right moments while cruising turned up several other "bottoms" to take it, under their own standards of type and intimacy of scene, but few tops who truly got an honest charge and satisfaction out of it. But there were those few. They were fascinating in their approaches and always fully understanding of the quality of humiliation and degradation of toilet training. Some wanted their asses wiped clean by a tongue. Others wanted to see it smeared all over my body and face. Still others wanted to shit in their shorts while I sucked from the outside. One dumped in the toilet, then took me in and chained me with my head over it and left me for half-an-hour. When he came back in, he rubbed it on his cock and balls and had me clean it off. Some wanted my ass full, then fucked and fed me all night. There was a guy who had me put my hand up his ass and fist fuck him until he finished shitting. Then he rubbed it in my mouth and on my cock until I came.

What I'm ready for now is a man who will feed me and keep his foreskin dirty for me to clean regularly. I want to eat it out of his hole and off of his cock and body and sweaty armpits. I want to suck his shorts, pants or jock clean and wear his dirty pants. I want to clean his ass after a hard day. I want to clean off the ass and cum and piss of him, his tricks and his friends.

I don't care "why." I've checked the medical side and was surprised to find it similar in problems to water sports and rimming even "clean" butt holes. But none of this is important to me. The only fact that matters in it all is that when a man wants to release it and finds me, the turn-on is ecstatic and a rare and personal triumph for us both.

by Frank Edwards

Interview: RICHARD STEEL

Photography by
J & R STUDIOS

AUTHOR OF "ISOMER", A ONE-ACT S&M PLAY WHICH DRUMMER IS PRESENTING, IN ITS ENTIRETY, ON THESE PAGES.

"Isomer," according to Daniel Webster, deals with the relationship between two or more chemical compounds that contain the same numbers of atoms of the same elements but differ in structural arrangement and properties.

ISOMER, according to Richard Steel, deals with the relationship between two men... and from there on, you can follow Webster.

From Massachusetts by way of Manhattan... where he wrote and directed with the Circle Repertory Company and spent three years in the original Broadway cast of *HOT L BALTIMORE*, among other things... Steel has, like many another New Yorker, recently relocated to Los Angeles. *Fun City* lost the world premiere of ISOMER, playing through May 8 at the Scorpio Rising Theatre, 426 North Hoover.

DRUMMER talked with Richard Steel recently and, of course, wondered how he views the local scene.

STEEL: People here, as compared to New Yorkers, are very repressed. I go out to some of the bars... oh, Griff's, for example... and everybody just stands around posing in his best Beverly Hills leather. I sometimes have the feeling that when they go home the most they get into is a Gucci.

A friend of mine, James Kiernan, was murdered out here some months ago, and I think that this kind of senseless killing is the result of such repression. The Sal Mineo thing is another example.

DRUMMER: The subject of repression seems to be quite important to you, or so we'd guess from the behavior of Tanner and Victor.

STEEL: Right. Someone, a reviewer, asked if I were aiming directly at the re-

pressed segment of gay society with ISOMER.

DRUMMER: And?

STEEL: I told him that I wasn't aiming at the repressed segment of gay society but at the repressed segment of the gay individual. Tanner and Victor... Tanner more, really... repress their basic emotions, their feelings, their love for each other. And they do love each other, there is love in S&M relationships. Some people think that all there is to an S&M scene is hitting and being hit, but that's just not true. Anyhow, because of this repression their relationship begins to go stale and they start playing games to put some spark back into it. It's part of their responsibility to each other. They have to play a game, indulge in a fantasy situation, in order to face the truth and the reality of their life together.

DRUMMER: Victor seems to be far more open to his feelings... and more real and open to change than Tanner.

STEEL: Oh, sure. He's the one, remember, who's finally able to verbalize his love and his need for love. He does it with some hesitance but still he does it, whereas Tanner refuses to look at the reality and the normalcy of their situation. I really have great hopes for Victor as a person.

DRUMMER: There seems to be great hope for the relationship generally. The game-playing as a means of truth has become more frequent and could become so frequent that a staccato effect of near-constant reality might be achieved. Victor and Tanner can grow through their games, although the result may be that they grow apart.

STEEL: Yeah, there's that possibility. As Tanner matures, he'll be less of a manipulator. As Victor matures, he'll

be less easily manipulable. And Tanner, despite Victor's being the S, is the manipulator, the one who controls the relationship. Tanner is the one who insists on the game, who dictates when the sadism begins by goading Victor.

DRUMMER: But don't you find that's usually true in an S&M relationship, that it's the M who's in control?

STEEL: Oh, definitely. A good M can get anything he wants because of the S's great need for him. And it's their mutual needs that result in the love and the tenderness integral to an S&M relationship. By the way, a few people have told me that I might get some flack from the gay community because of the S&M aspect of ISOMER, but I can't understand why.

DRUMMER: Well, there are still a lot of people who consider sadomasochistic sexuality to be some kind of kinky, fringe area. As you mentioned earlier, some think that hitting is all there is to it. Sadomasochism is really a very misunderstood aspect of gay life, of life in general.

STEEL: But that's ridiculous! Don't people realize that there's an element of sadomasochism on some level in every relationship, every kind of relationship? One person is always the more dominant. And ISOMER could just as easily have been a play about a male-female relationship. It just happens to concern two gay males. As a matter of fact, ISOMER is the middle play of a trilogy and the first play does deal with a similar relationship between a man and a woman.

DRUMMER: How about the third play?

STEEL: Oh, that's about an electrician and a nun. She gets it in the end.



"I wasn't aiming at the repressed segment of gay society, but at the repressed segment of the gay individual."



"Tanner and Victor do love each other, there is love in S&M relationships. Some people think that all there is to an S&M scene is hitting and being hit, but that's just not true."

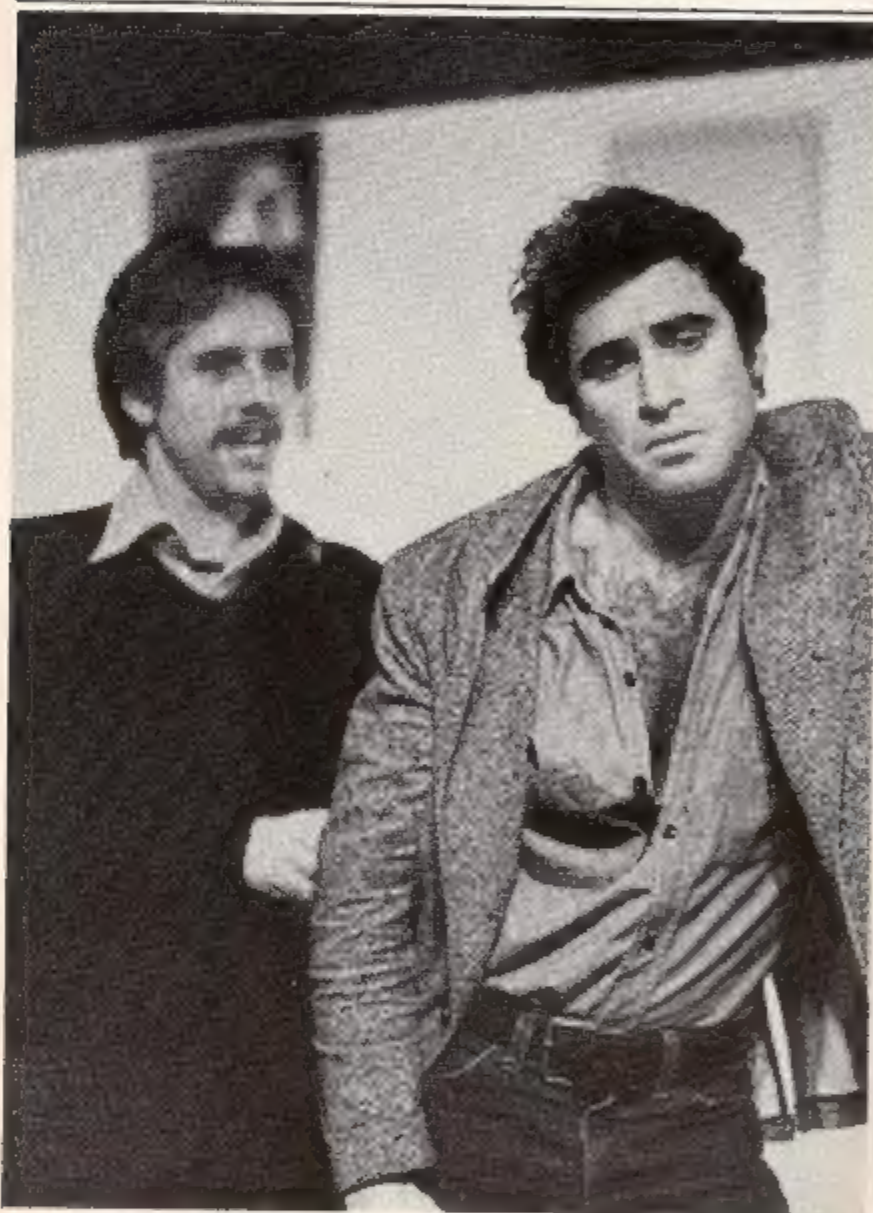


"People here (Hollywood), as compared to New Yorkers, are very repressed... A friend of mine... was murdered out here some months ago, and I think this kind of senseless killing is the result of such repression."

ISOMER

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By RICHARD A. STEEL



Interior of Tanner Monroe's New York apartment, a large studio with a kitchenette to one side. On the walls and ceiling are posters and pictures of Walt Disney characters juxtaposed with huge posters of male nudes.

The apartment is in disorder: books, magazines and posters everywhere.

It is noon. The phone is ringing. A rustling can be heard outside the door. A fumbling for keys and the sound of the door lock is heard.

Enter Tanner Monroe, dropping bags and books in his pursuit to answer the phone.

Tanner Monroe is thin, pale and of undetermined age. He is wearing a caftan.

Tanner: [Dropping the first bag] Fuck!

[Dropping the second bundle and knocking over a little statue of Sleeping Beauty] Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

[Answering the phone. Charming as Hell.]

Good afternoon. This is Tanner Monroe. I'm not at home at the moment, but if you wish to leave a message when you hear the tone, I'll return the call as soon as possible. Remember: wait for the tone, then deliver your message loud and clear...

[He whistles into the phone. Then, after a moment of silence...]

Oh fuck, it's you faggot. What the hell...

No, he's not here yet. I just got in and I am late. I thought it was the big hairy him on the phone. I hope I didn't miss him. Oh shit, if he arrived while I was out... Christ, I'm nervous... if it doesn't work this time... yes, I know there's always you darling, but that, my dear, is a last resort... listen darling, I've told you before... of course I like you, but... love... Jesus Christ, you pock-marked Cinderella, my love for you is limited to these weeping phone calls, lunching at the Chock Full o' Nuts, and an occasional fuck at the Continental Baths...

Sorry darling, but you are a bore. And if there is anything I loathe more than a bad fuck it's a bore... Oh, I'm sorry, you know I didn't mean that... now stop driveling. You know I'm really quite fond of you, but you are a friend. A FRIEND! And my very first rule is never fuck a friend, so call me tomorrow luv, and I'll tell you all about my little meeting... talk to you tomorrow... bye bye.

[He hangs up phone, runs to the stereo and turns it on, then races about trying to put things in order. He takes a full bottle of vodka and one of Calliano out of one of his bags and places them conspicuously on the kitchenette counter. The sound of the ocean tide can be heard coming from the stereo speakers. When Tanner hears the ocean sounds, he stops, mesmerized by the sound and a far-off memory.]

[The door bell rings... once... twice... Tanner does not hear it... He is lost in a dream. The door bell rings a third time; a continuous ring distracting Tanner from his dream.]

Tanner: Oh God! Oh Fuck!
Be right there.

[Bell rings again]

I said I'll be right there.

[Running about the room making one last-minute attempt to bring order to the room.]

[The door bell rings. Once more a long sustaining ring.]

Tanner: For Christ's sake, hold on. You got some kind of door bell fetish?

[Opening the door] Welcome...

[Victor Spearling is waiting at the door with his finger still on the bell. He is handsome, rugged and twenty-two; a captivating charm and one of those smiles one associates with wholesomeness and three glasses of milk a day.]

Victor: Hi, I'm...

Tanner: I know who you are.

Victor: Say, I'm really sorry about being late.

Tanner: No problem. Come in.

Victor: But still, I don't like being late. I can't seem to help it though; I'm always late. I guess I really can't help it. It's kind of like part of my character, so I usually say... what the fuck... I mean what's a few minutes. But in this case I really wanted to get here on time.

Tanner: Well, it doesn't really matter...

Victor: Thanks

Tanner: I've got bugs everywhere...

Victor: Bugs

Tanner: Yes, bugs! Roaches, worms, ants, spiders, bees, you name it, I've got it. They're everywhere, and I haven't been very successful in eliminating them. Try as I may, I can't get rid of them.

Victor: And you hope I am more successful...

Tanner: Yes, of course, because you are the...

Victor: The exterminator.

Tanner: Yes.

Victor: I see.

Tanner: You are the exterminator?

Victor: Oh, yes.

Tanner: I thought so. You know how I can tell? I mean even if I weren't expecting you I could tell by that incendiary look—that you were an exterminator—a man who ravages everything in his path. Am I right?

Victor: [Rather pleased] I guess so.

Tanner: I bet you've exterminated just about everything there is to exterminate—one way or another.

Victor: [Objecting] Ah.

Tanner: Rats, mice, bugs—just about everything.

Victor: I guess so. [haha] just about everything—except people, of course.

Tanner: Of course... well do begin; I can't wait to see your tools.

Victor: Not just yet. There's plenty of time. I'd like to relax a bit first. [Taking off boots] Yah, I'd like to relax. Say, you've got a nice place here.

Tanner: It's home.

Victor: Kind of unusual.

Tanner: Yes, well, it was decorated by the Jewish Guild for the Blind. I like to give them work.

Victor: How big is this place?

Tanner: Just what you see. As Dotty Parker once said, "just big enough to lay my coat and a few friends."

Victor: And that door?

Tanner: A closet.

Victor: [Opening the door] Big fuckin' closet.

Tanner: And there are more. In fact everywhere you look there's a closet door to open.

Victor: Where do the windows face?

Tanner: Ninety-fifth street. Really, this is getting tedious.

Victor: Southern exposure, right?

Tanner: Correct.

Victor: [Seeing the Mickey Mouse Club ears] Say, I like this. Mickey Mouse Club ears. Boy, this brings back memories.

Tanner: They belonged to Annette Funicello. I also have her first bra—the left side. I use it as a mixing bowl.

Victor: You know, I really like this place... once you get used to it.

Tanner: Sort of grows on you, doesn't it?

Victor: Like a fungus. I didn't mean to say that.

Tanner: Don't let it bother you.

Victor: I notice there are no bars on the windows. Is that wise?

Tanner: Oh, God! I hate bars on windows. It's like living in a zoo. My very first memory as a child is seeing the gate on our living room window. I hated those fuckin' gates. I promised myself when I got my own apartment there would be no bars on the windows.

Victor: Aren't you afraid of getting ripped off?

Tanner: I've been robbed fourteen times in the last three years, but at least I feel like a human being.

Victor: Yah.

Tanner: Would you like a drink?

Victor: Mister, I think you should know.

Tanner: Harvey Wallbanger?

Victor: Scotch.

Tanner: Scotch? But you.

Victor: I what? I happen to like Scotch—unless you don't have it.

Tanner: Very well, scotch. On the rocks?

Victor: Yes, thanks.

Tanner: Scotch it is. It's funny though, I can usually tell what a man drinks; bartender's instinct. I'm very seldom mistaken, and you are most definitely a Harvey Wallbanger man.

Victor: It's winter. Winter, scotch. Summer, Harvey Wallbanger.

Tanner: I knew it. I knew it. I was right after all.

Victor: You a bartender?

Tanner: You know, I've heard so many stories about exterminators, telephone men—you know—how well they make out... while they're on the job.

Victor: Oh, yeah.

Tanner: Not that I really believe it.

Victor: Listen mister, I think you should know.

Tanner: You think I should know what? You're paid to exterminate baby, so take out that spraygun you have hidden away and start squirting.

Victor: Mister.

Tanner: Tanner... my name is Tanner.

Victor: Tanner.

Tanner: Now just do your job, buster.

Victor: Listen to me.

Tanner: I will do no such thing. You are the exterminator. I see no reason why I should be made to listen to you.

Victor: I.

Tanner: Do you think I want to "make it" with you? Is that what you think? You poor stupid fool. Do you think I would make it with an exterminator?

Victor: I am not the.

Tanner: No! Don't say it. You're not supposed to. Not yet.

Victor: I'm not the exterminator. Did you hear me? Did you hear me?

Tanner: Yes, I heard you. I know very well who you are, Goddammit.

Victor: Who am I?

Tanner: [Not too sure] You're Victor...?

Victor: Yeah.

Tanner: Spearling. Victor Spearling.

Victor: That's right. I'm Victor Spearling and I've come in answer to your ad for a roommate—from Happy Mate.

Tanner: [Suddenly bursting into gales of laughter] Happy Mate! That's wonderful... hehehehe... Happy Mate. I love it.

Victor: That's right, Happy Mate, the roommate service with a smile.

Tanner: And a prick.

Victor: Now listen.

Tanner: Oh, I'm sorry, how foolish of me to presume.

Victor: Okay mister, I'm leaving.

Tanner: Leaving! Oh, but you can't leave.

Victor: You're a freak, mister.

Tanner: Freak! Whatever do you mean?

Victor: I mean, you are like all the rest.

Tanner: All the rest? Am I to presume that I am not the first?

Victor: Certainly not. I've seen hundreds of guys in the last few days. It's like going to a fuckin' zoo. The requests these guys have—unbelievable! You wouldn't believe what I've been asked to do.

Tanner: What? No, I don't want to hear it. Never mind.

Victor: Unnatural requests.

Tanner: Disgusting. Have another drink.

Victor: The stories I could tell you would curl the hairs on your ass.

Tanner: Don't bother yourself. Harvey Wallbanger?

Victor: Scotch.

Tanner: Oh yes, of course, scotch. Scotch in the winter.

Harvey Wallbangers in the summer.

Victor: That's right. Say, you didn't tell me—you a bartender?

Tanner: I used to be.

Victor: And now.

Tanner: The ice cubes.

Victor: What?

Tanner: Look at the ice cubes, Victor.

Victor: They're triangles.

Tanner: Triangles! They're Vs. V for Victor. I got them for you, Victor.

Victor: You did that for me? How did you know?

Tanner: Well, actually I didn't. You see, I keep ice cubes in the shape of every letter of the alphabet. It's a great way to make a trick—a person feel comfortable.

Victor: Well, thanks. [Pause] You know, I think it really works. I'm beginning to feel more comfortable already.

Tanner: Oh, I'm so glad to hear that.

Victor: You know, I think I may really take to this place. I

might just decide to stay

Tanner Oh?

Victor Yeah I mean even though you're kind of strange I can sort of overlook that try to avoid you as much as possible because, quite frankly, I find you to be rather

Tanner unsavory

Victor Strange and I guess you're pretty fucked up But you know, you're not quite as fucked up as the others

Tanner Others?

Victor I told you, you're not the first

Tanner Yeah, well let's not talk about them

Victor Why not?

Tanner I just don't wish to listen

Victor Yesterday, for instance

Tanner Victor

Victor A ballet dancer, I think or a painter, an actor a writer no, I don't think he was a writer well, it doesn't really matter

Tanner I am not really interested, if you don't mind

Victor He had this giant bowl of oranges on the table

Tanner Victor, listen to me

Victor All these oranges, there must have been two dozen of them

Tanner Now that you've seen the place, had time to relax

Victor He fixed me a drink scotch I think or was it a Harvey Wallbanger I guess it was scotch, for this happened only yesterday, and yesterday, though warmer than today, was still winter so it must have been a scotch well, he poured me this drink and went into the next room, the bedroom, I guess, to get you know, to get into something more comfortable

Tanner Get into something more comfortable? Are you accustomed to waiting on sofas for other men to get into something more comfortable?

Victor Well, I sat there for oh, I don't know maybe five, ten minutes just sipping my scotch good scotch, too nothing cheap about this fag

Tanner Is this necessary?

Victor I was there ten minutes or so when suddenly he enters from the bedroom well, you wouldn't believe it Ugly! There he was, wearing this glittering jock strap

My God, what a sight it made me sick

Tanner You're a dinosaur, Victor; a big clumsy, obsolete animal with a Lilliputian brain trying to live in a man's world

Victor There he was, floating across the floor, all ribs and veins, like a starving Tinker Bell Well, he walked to the wall opposite the table

Tanner You antediluvian enigma

Victor He walked to the wall opposite the table the table with the luscious oranges and he stood there arms outstretched

Tanner No! Don't please

Victor

Tanner

HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED
LIKE CHRIST ON A CROSS,
LIKE A FUCKIN' CHRIST
ON A CROSS

And do you know what he
asked me?

He asked me

He asked me to throw the
oranges at him one at a
time as hard as I could
Well at first I thought he
was kidding, kind of joking
around but, Tanner, he
was sincere he wanted to
be hurt

Whistle while you work
Whistle while you work
Whistle while you work

Please!!

Stop this!

He kept telling me he had
to be punished PUNISHED
LIKE SOME NAUGHTY LIT-
TLE BOY

I felt kind of crazy

I sat there watching him
beg me to hurt him He was
begging me, Tanner. HE
COT ON HIS HANDS AND
KNEES AND BEGGED ME
TO HURT HIM

The sight of this man on his
knees, wearing that glitter-
ing jock strap begging
me to hurt him it dis-
gusted me I don't know
what got into me, but I
wanted to kill that son-of-a-
bitch

I started throwing those
fuckin' oranges just as hard
as I could and he started
wailing Wailing like some
freaking cat shouting "Hard-
er Throw them harder Kill
me, baby Kill me" And
those oranges were flying
across the room just as fast
as I could throw them I
thought my fuckin' arm
would come off Oranges
breaking open all over his
body He loved every fuck-
in' minute of it The harder I
threw them, the more he
liked it

Wailing away in ecstasy,
with those oranges splatter-
ing all over him

Blood, Tanner, blood drip-
ping down his body and still
he kept shouting "Keep
them coming baby," he
said And Christ, did I keep
them coming, Tanner, I
threw them as hard as I
could I wanted to kill that
bastard. I wanted more
blood I wanted him to hurt

[Violently pushing Tanner
against the door]

Victor and when there were no more oranges when
I hit him with the very last one I just stood there and
watched that bruised lump of flesh bleed I just stood
there and watched him and Tanner, I felt joy for
the first time in my life

Tanner Why think about it? Above all, why talk about it?
Victor Oh, I don't know, it just seems to me, it might
someday make interesting material

Tanner Material? Material for what?

Victor Oh, I don't know Material for something in the
future. A book, a play something in the future

Tanner Yes. Well, the future for me includes the possibil-
ity of finding a roommate and sick little stories of pathetic
old men are of no value to me

Victor I didn't say he was old

Tanner Have you thought about the apartment Victor
of staying?

Victor I'm thinking about it Don't push me These things
take time I hardly know you who knows what deep per-

You will die a wasted man,
Victor. A weakminded
muddle-headed, rancid sack
of shit

You're mad

You are very sick, Victor A
very sick commonplace lit-
tle fool

You are dying of cancer,
Victor I didn't want to tel
you this, but I now feel I
must Your last physical
I saw the results you're
rotting away, Vicky baby
It's a slow, noisome decay

The doctors say they
can do nothing about it
That's why they didn't tell
you. It's hopeless, Victor
[A long pause]

First your muscles start to
atrophy All those stupid
muscles withering away to
flab flab, Victor All that
work to blow up your fuck-
ing body wasted

It's disgusting, Vicky baby
you'll have a ringside
seat watching yourself
erode watching, feeling
and smelling It's like living
in your own vomit, Victor.

Victor, listen to me! You are
rotting You'll be smelling
like piss, baby It's with
you every moment, it's
there to remind you. You
can't escape it

You can't escape it Vicky
baby

Stop it, stop it I don't want
to listen to this

Jesus!

verted secrets you may be hiding under that charming personality

Tanner: In time, Victor, we will get to know each other. Economics, however, preclude friendship or even understanding and time is running out. What I want, Victor, is not a friend... let me make that clear; I do not want a friend. I want a roommate, a body.

Victor [Unwrapping a piece of gum] You know what pisses me off? Bazooka comics in Spanish!

Tanner: So, if you don't mind, I need an answer. There are other people to consider.

Victor: Other people?

Tanner: Yes, Victor. Just as you have thousands of men waiting with open crotch to receive you as their rent-paying chum, I have a list, though somewhat smaller, of potential applicants.

Victor: Well, to be honest, I'm not sure.

Tanner: Not sure of what? Really, Victor.

Victor: Well... I don't know. Lots of things. Don't push me.

Tanner: Like me, for instance? Is that it? Are you afraid I'm one of those sick old... correction: sick men, young or old?

Victor: NO.

Tanner: Well, let me put your mind at ease, Victor; I may be queer, but it stops there.

[Victor picks up magazine and thumbs through it]

Victor: It isn't that.

Tanner: [After a pause] It isn't? Then what can it possibly be?

Victor: Well... uh... it's just... well, why so fast? I have to think about it. You may not be right for me... as a roommate that is.

Tanner: Of course.

Victor: ... I have to be sure... this is a small apartment... there may be problems.

Tanner: Such as what?

Victor: Well, we both have... what might be... different life styles.

Tanner: One must always maintain one's life style. Far be it from me.

Victor: Where will I sleep?

Tanner: I'm sure we can arrange something.

Victor [Suddenly acting swishy] And you know, you're not the neatest person in the world. I like things organized; clean and neat. I don't like living in a pig pen.

Tanner: Yes, the place does resemble a pen for pigs.

Victor: I didn't say that.

Tanner: But it is just that. Victor, for a pig lived here. A pig in the form of my roommate. My previous roommate, Victor, who for reasons known only to him, left one day recently without a word, leaving his residue for me to clean.

Victor: [Beginning to put his boots on] Yah, well that's too bad.

Tanner: It was too bad. Too, too bad. But I rid myself of him, Victor. That sloppy sponge is gone forever.

Victor: Yah.

Tanner: He was a parasite, Victor, living off my blood.

Victor: I don't see.

Tanner: My blood which God knows is thin and weak like cherry-flavored Kool-Aid.

Victor: Hey, man.

Tanner: Cherry-flavored Kool-Aid, unsweetened. And he knew it. He knew it, Victor, yet he drained and drank the blood from my poor weak veins.

My poor veins, Victor, which fed all that red liquid to my heart... a heart that's gone sour... an unsweetened heart drained of its cherry-flavored Kool-Aid.

Victor: That's too bad.

Tanner: "That's too bad." You know what you are, Victor? You're what they call a good listener. A good listener is a man whose social vocabulary is limited to a yes and a no and who occasionally comes up with the more sophisticated "that's too bad."

Victor: Look mister.

Tanner: Well, Victor, it is too bad, but let me tell you something; it will never happen again. As Scarlet said at the end of part one, right before intermission, "As God is my witness, I shall never be fucked again."

Victor: Thanks for the drink.

Tanner: No you don't!

Victor: Good-bye. Tanner, isn't it? Good-bye, Tanner, nice meeting you.

Tanner: You cannot leave this place!

Victor: You can't stop me.

Tanner: Hey... listen... please... please don't leave... I like you.

Victor: Bye.

Tanner: Listen... I'm sorry...

[Victor throws Tanner to the floor]

Tanner: Look... Victor... Mister Spearling.

[Victor stops]

Tanner: I'm sorry... really.

Victor [Tying] Ahw... naw... I think I should leave.

Tanner: Is it the apartment? Is that it? It isn't bad, really. We... I mean, I can clean it up... paint the place... I'll get rid of all the junk.

Victor: I still don't.

Tanner: I didn't mean to go on as I did. Really, Victor, I know the place is messy, but I'll clean it up. I'll have it sparkling clean before morning.

Victor: ... it's not the apartment, although it's...

Tanner: ... and don't worry about being sloppy. I mean I rather enjoy cleaning up... I don't mind at all.

Victor: Mister.

Tanner: Victor, if you're sloppy... and don't like to clean up after yourself, don't worry because I sort of... well, I sort of enjoy sloppy people... I mean I really wouldn't mind cleaning up after you. Really I wouldn't.

Victor: Tanner.

Tanner: So there's no problem.

Victor: But Tanner.

Tanner: Then sit down and have a drink.

Victor: Harvey Wallbanger.

Tanner: What?

Victor: I drink Harvey Wallbangers.

Tanner: Harvey Wallbanger! Such an unusual request for the middle of winter. I'm not at all certain I can prepare such an exotic drink.

Victor: Cunt.

Tanner: Trollop. Here's your drink.

Victor: [Coy] Aren't you drinking?

Tanner: No.

Victor: Oh... why?

Tanner: I just don't want to. It's too early.

Victor: You know that's not very polite.

Tanner: Polite! Really, Victor, you can do better than that. Polite! Really!

Victor: Well, I can't possibly drink alone. I guess I'll just have to leave.

Tanner: Oh, Victor, for Christ's sake...

Victor: For a man of your breeding to allow a guest to drink alone is unthinkable. I'm insulted and I'm going to leave.

Tanner: Now just a minute. This has gone far enough... I can't drink.

Victor: Why?

Tanner: Because... oh, you know... the truth is that I am... I have a drinking problem.

Victor: [Laughing] A problem drinker!

Tanner: [Over-apping] An alcoholic. All right?

Victor: That's the first step. Tanner.

Tanner: I've taken that first step more times than I care to remember.

Victor: Drink.

Tanner: [After a moment] What?

Victor: I said drink. [As Scarlet] I'll fix it for you.

Continued on page 51

complete in this issue

NOVELETTE by

PHIL ANDROS with illustrations by
CHUCK ARNETT



BABYSITTER

I had just finished tucking my cock into the codpiece of my fly and snapping it onto my leather pants when the phone rang.

It was my ole buddy, Jim, one of the more accomplished Masters who lived in San Francisco. "What're you doing tonight?" he asked.

"No client at the moment," I said. "I thought I'd do the Leather scene over on Folsom. I ain't had a free evening from hustling for quite a spell."

"Howja like to make fifty bucks or

so and not have to hustle?" he asked. "What's the catch?"

"Nuthin'. My buddy Ike was gonna babysit tonight, but somethin' came up and he can't. And I'm headin' for Folsom myself." Ike was the ex-football player Jim lived with—a shaved-head slave who adored him.

"Babysit? What's the gag?"

Jim laughed. "Maybe you haven't heard," he said. "We've started a slavesitting service. The S's park their M's down in our basement and playroom, all tied up or caged or

whatever, and they stay there while their Masters make the rounds of the bars. Sometimes the S's rent their guys out. All you gotta do is be here in case of fire or emergency, hold the can while they piss, or undo 'em if they have to shit. But," he added, "they all been washed out already, nice hot enemas before they got locked up, so you probably won't have to worry about that."

"Damn," I said.

"And there's a bonus," Jim said, laughing a little. "You get hot, you



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can have any one of 'em you want. You get ten bucks a head—from nine-thirty until about three, when they'll all be gone. We got five down there already, and there's room for one more.

"Sheez, I said "This is a new one on me."

"Only one guy you gotta be careful of," Jim said. "That's Duke, bolted up against the glory-hole. He's in the cold part of the basement, still dressed. The other four in the warm part are naked."

"Why watch out for him?"

"He might turn on you. He ain't fully broken-in yet. Kinda uppity."

I did some quick thinking. A new experience. I am a part of all that I have met, etc. Something new under the "Okay," I said "I can be there in a half-hour."

"We'll both be gone by then," he said. He told me where he'd leave the key, we hung up, and I split from the house.

Ike and Jim lived on Pink Alley. I guess it's only in San Francisco you'd find a street named like that—up a shadowy little cobblestone alley leading to a parking lot. Their house was a dark two-story one built over a full basement.

It was black and silent when I got there. I found the key, unlocked the basement door and turned off the elaborate double burglar alarms, slid the door shut behind me, and turned on the light.

The basement was a mess. Standing in the middle, like a black charger, was a gleaming hawk resting on its kickstand. There was a lathe, a suitcase full of tattoo needles and colors, several boxes and planks. But at the end of the junky room, braced by supporting standards, was a piece of thick unpainted plywood, studded with boltheads on the front and tree-standing in the room—and some three feet from the cement floor there was an opening about five inches in diameter, circular, and through it hung a thick long pendulous cock, swarthy but not black, cleancut with an engorged helmet and heavy with blood, in that pulpy stage which comes about two minutes before erection.

"Sheez," I muttered.

"Who's there?" came a voice from behind the plywood.

"A friend," I said, stifling a giggle.

"You gonna blow me?"

I didn't answer. Instead, I walked towards the plywood (checking the garage windows which had been blacked over) and looked around the corner of the barrier.

Heavily secured with restraining straps, face turned sidewise away

from me by a leather neck-collar pulled tightly, arms strapped down to the sides, thighs confined with heavy straps secured to the bolts, was a guy in full black leather. Only his cod-piece was lacking. I could see even through the leather that he seemed to have a strong muscular body. He was about my size, six feet—black hair, cap off, and what looked like a black athletic bandage wrapped tightly around his eyes and down to the tip of his nose. He moved his head a little, but the wide neck leather wouldn't let him turn his head towards me, not that he could have seen anything with the bandage anyway.

"I'm gettin' cramped," he said. "Can't you loosen me a little?"

"Tough shit," I said. "Offer it up." I walked around to the front, drew on a black leather glove that was on a table nearby, and grabbed his ding-dong. From behind the wall came a faint prolonged sigh.

I took his cock at the root, pinching it hard between two fingers—and then seeing that the glove was already greasy, got some Vaseline from a jar on the table, and started to jack him off. I pulled his balls through the glory-hole and squeezed them. His cry of pain was exciting and rewarding. It wasn't thirty seconds until the blood flowed down, the cock lengthened and changed color, even darker, and the head began to grow purple. It was in full erection and curiously balanced so that when I let go of it, it went on bobbing up and down like one of those kid's mandarin toys, or a delicately calibrated postal scale.

"Take it, man—please! I can't stand much more of this."

For answer I removed the glove, caught the tip of my middle finger behind my thumb and let go with a sudden hard snap on the head of his cock that brought a shriek of agony from behind the board. Then I grabbed a fingerful of his pubic hair and pulled it out. His second shriek was even louder.

"Be a lesson to you," I said. "Don't fool around with nurses and babysitters. And if you call me Florence Nightingale, you're in for a hell of a lot of trouble."

There was a kind of half-sob. "I'm s-sorry," he said.

I flicked him again. "Sorry what?" I said.

"Sorry, Master," he said. "Please don't hit me again."

His cock had wilted like a corn-stalk in a dry Nebraska summer. "Okay," I said. "Don't ask a Master to blow you. Ever. What's your name?" "Duke," he answered.





"Mine's Phil," I said. "And unless you behave, I'll ..." I was about to say I'd beat the shit outta him, but then I smiled, for of course he'd want that. "I'll leave you alone from now on."

There was no answer. I threw the glove on the table and turned to go through the door that led to the playroom, two steps down.

I tell you, it was a wonderful sight. Jim and Ike had fixed it up fine—wood panelling, mirrors on two walls, an old-fashioned mirror ball revolving with a change-color spotlight that threw circles of light everywhere, a small heater going in one corner, heavy hoist chains from the solid beams above, and one wall absolutely covered with whips, shackles, handcuffs, specula to spread assholes, plastic clothespins with the rounded edges squared off (the better to pinch you with, m'dear), clips, leather cock-covers with sharp tacks inside and lacing up one side—sheez, you name it and it was there: the whole collection of S&M delights, guaranteed to bring the most stubborn M to the point where he'd eat your shit and beg for more. Jim was a Master all right—of the Inquisition, Dachau, the Japanese POW camps—a modern Genghis Khan.

So the room was a delight—but what was in it was even more fascin-

ating. There were four people there.

To begin with, there was a Barclay's bench, named after one of the great Victorian madams of London. It was padded with real leather, about six feet by three, and it had a square hole cut in the center. It stood about three feet high. On it, belly down, was a goodlooking youngman with brown hair, his eyes blindfolded like Duke's. A heavy chain was fastened around each ankle, his legs were spread wide and his feet pulled down past the edges of the bench, a short chain fastening them underneath. His wrists were chained in the same way, his arms drawn down and his hands almost together under the table. Sheez—what a beautiful back and a pair of buns! Smooth, hairless, deeply hollowed and strongly muscled—in the crack an inviting little rosy-brown pucker-hole, opened so far by the position of his legs that the small, round raised specks of flesh inside his rectum showed clearly.

I passed my hand lightly over the smooth skin of his ass, grabbed a handful of one cheek and squeezed hard. He reddened quickly. I reached underneath, found his big bag of nuts and put some pressure on them, then moistened my finger and stuck it in his asshole. I needn't have bothered moistening it. He was already

greased. He groaned.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"The keeper of the dungeon," I said. "The prince of the Black Castle." I stuck another finger in. His head raised up a little. "What's your name?"

"Andy," he said in a muffled tone. I stuck a third finger in.

"Nice asshole you got, buddy," I growled. "It just may get put to some use." Then I noticed an Accu-Jac on the floor with some sheaths. I picked one up. It had two small holes on opposite sides of the bottom flange—to tie it around the ass, I reckoned, so it would stay on, because there was a cord tied in one hole.

I picked out one of the sheaths that looked like it might fit him, dipped my fingers in the open jar of Vaseline, and smeared a lot inside. Then I slipped it on his already hard cock, reached around over his handsome body and got the other end of the cord. I pulled it across the small of his back and threaded the loose end into the other hole of the sheath, getting down on my knees and finding it mostly with my fingers. Thus secured, it wouldn't slip off his cock.

And then I flicked the switch on the Accu-Jac. Its steady pumping, suction and pressure gave a kind of rhythm to the music, which was now

"I'LL BET YOU'RE COLD. HERE'S SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU WARM." HIS SCREAMS OF PAIN WERE VERY SATISFYING. HE LAY THERE WHIMPERING.

playing the 27th Concerto of Mozart, the third movement of which was my all-time favorite

"Can't you get some other music on that goddamned radio besides that longhair stuff?" the flying slave demanded

"There's more than one kind of torture," I said, grinning. I turned the volume up "Suffer," I said.

Beneath his blindfold he made a face "Aintcha gonna fuck me?"

"Later," I said. "I'm just opening you up for the biggest cock in town—who's coming to visit," I said "Then you'll really think your asshole has been split." Not that I knew such a one, but it was something for him to think about

I saw Jim's denim jacket which had had sharp-pointed tacks, a thousand of them, stuck through the cloth so that the points were inside I picked it up "You poor boy," I said, "I'll bet you're cold. Here's something to keep you warm" I laid it over his back, gently, and then rubbed it firmly all over. His screams of pain were very satisfying. But you can go only so far, and I stopped after pressing down on most of his back. He lay there whimpering.

"Hey! I gotta piss!"

I looked around. There were three others in the room—one suspended face up in a hammock of chains, one on hands and knees in a small cage, his ass exposed, and one standing straight

The one who asked to piss was the standing one. I went over to him. He was slim and blond, a swimmer's body, and he was standing flat on his feet near the center of the room. I looked close, and saw that each large nipple was pierced and had a ring in it. A thin chain was fastened to the rings, and drawn upwards, looped over a hook set in the ceiling, so that it was pulled taut. He could not move from his position more than a couple inches without tearing his nipples off. His hands were handcuffed behind him. He had a very large cock, uncut (how does it happen that the new generation of kids in their twenties always seems to be larger in that department than those in mine—which was thirty-one)

I got the hospital bedcan with the handle—grabbed his cock and aimed it down into the stainless steel container

"I can't piss with your hand on it like that," he said

"If it weren't for the Board of Health sending an inspector around," I growled, "I'd let you piss on the floor and stand in it." But I took my hand away and let his heavy soft eight-incher lay against the edge of the can. Out came a strong stream of clear piss, half filling the can.

"Thanks a lot," he said, smiling beneath the blindfold. "I heard you say your name was Phil."

"All the social stuff ain't gonna get you outta this," I said, hard and heavy, and then raised the steel container to his lips. "C'mon, take a few good swallows. Recycling's all the thing nowadays."

He turned his head away with a grimace. "I-I c-can't," he said

"Sure you can," I said. I took hold of his nose and pinched it shut, and banged the rim of the can against his teeth, forcing his head backwards. His mouth opened slightly from the pressure of the steel against his lips. I poured a good half of the pint down his throat, watching his Adam's apple bob up and down. He swallowed noisily, still making a face. Then, panting, he stopped as I pulled the can away

"Jesus," he said

"My middle name," I said

I turned and accidentally bumped into the flying slave in his hammock of chains, starting him swinging. He was suspended from the floor almost horizontally, about four feet high, his wrists and ankles stretched wide apart and fastened to the chains from the beam above. There was a wide leather restraint around his belly. A regular chain-horst held him up, and my bumping had started him moving about a couple feet back and forth. He was also blindfolded, and in that position—with his legs spread apart and fastened to the hanging chains on each side, his asshole was as wide open as the guy's on the madam's bench. It glistened with grease. I saw that if you stood between his legs, you could fuck him just by swinging him gently back and forth

"Well, well, what have we here?" I said, hard-like. "What's your name, slave?"

"Chuck," he said

I swatted his ass, upwards from underneath

"Chuck what? Aren't you forgettin' something?"

"Chuck A-Adams, sir," he said.

"That's better," I said. "Now Chuckie, I'll tell you what. You know

that guy standing over there with his tits tied to the ceiling? The one that just pissed?"

"I-I've met him, sir," he said

"You're all buddies here together, ain't you?" I demanded.

"Y-yessir, I suppose so... sir."

"Well then, you're gonna be better buddies," I said, raising the half-full can of piss, grabbing his hair and pulling his head up so he could drink "You're gonna take the rest of this nice warm piss."

"Oh please no, sir, it makes me sick at my stomach."

"If it does," I said, "and you puke, I'll feed it back to you with a spoon. Open up now."

Hesitantly, hating it, he opened his mouth.

"Wider," I said, and he did

I poured the other half of the ut-hanger's piss down his throat, and watched him swallow it all. After he finished, gasping, I gave his body a push and it started swinging back and forth. "Take it easy, bub," I said "You're gonna have a nice nine-incher socked to you soon."

But the best-looking dude of all of them was the one in the cage which stood on four butcher blocks, one at each corner. The cage was made of steel, with strips about three or four inches apart so that you could get your hand in. His wrists were tied to the two lower corners of the cage, his ankles to the back two, which put him in a kneeling position, head down and ass in the air. Where his ass pressed against the confining bars, some of them had been cut away, leaving a good half of each cheek exposed for whipping or fucking. His asshole was the widest stretched of all because of the position. I could imagine how sore his knees and palms were, with the steel ribs digging into them. I let fly with a good slap on that smooth ass, and then another, and several more. He howled and wriggled, but he couldn't move his ass out of position. Over his face, with blacked-out goggles, was a gas mask with its long tube outside the cage. His voice was muffled by the mask.

"P-Please, M-Master," he begged. "Please stop."

His ass was red, and my hand stung. "Okay for now," I said. "But sumpin tells me you're gonna get fucked tonight more than any of the others. Now," I said, "I'm gonna

Continued on page 45

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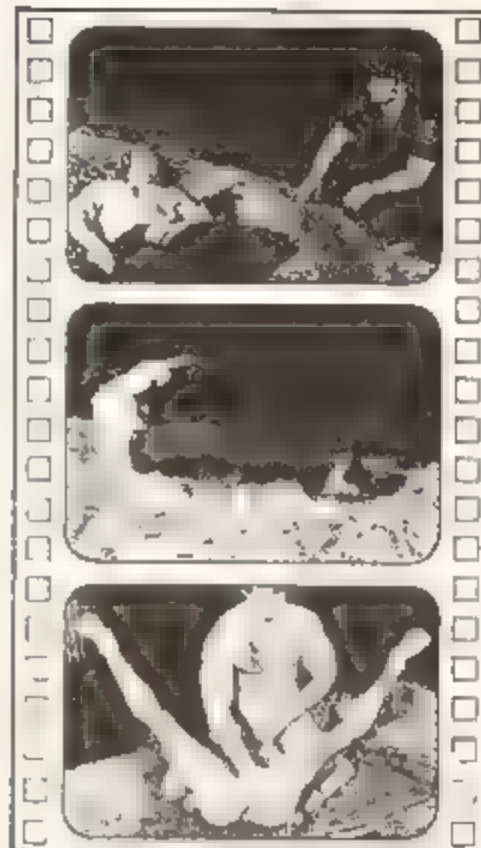


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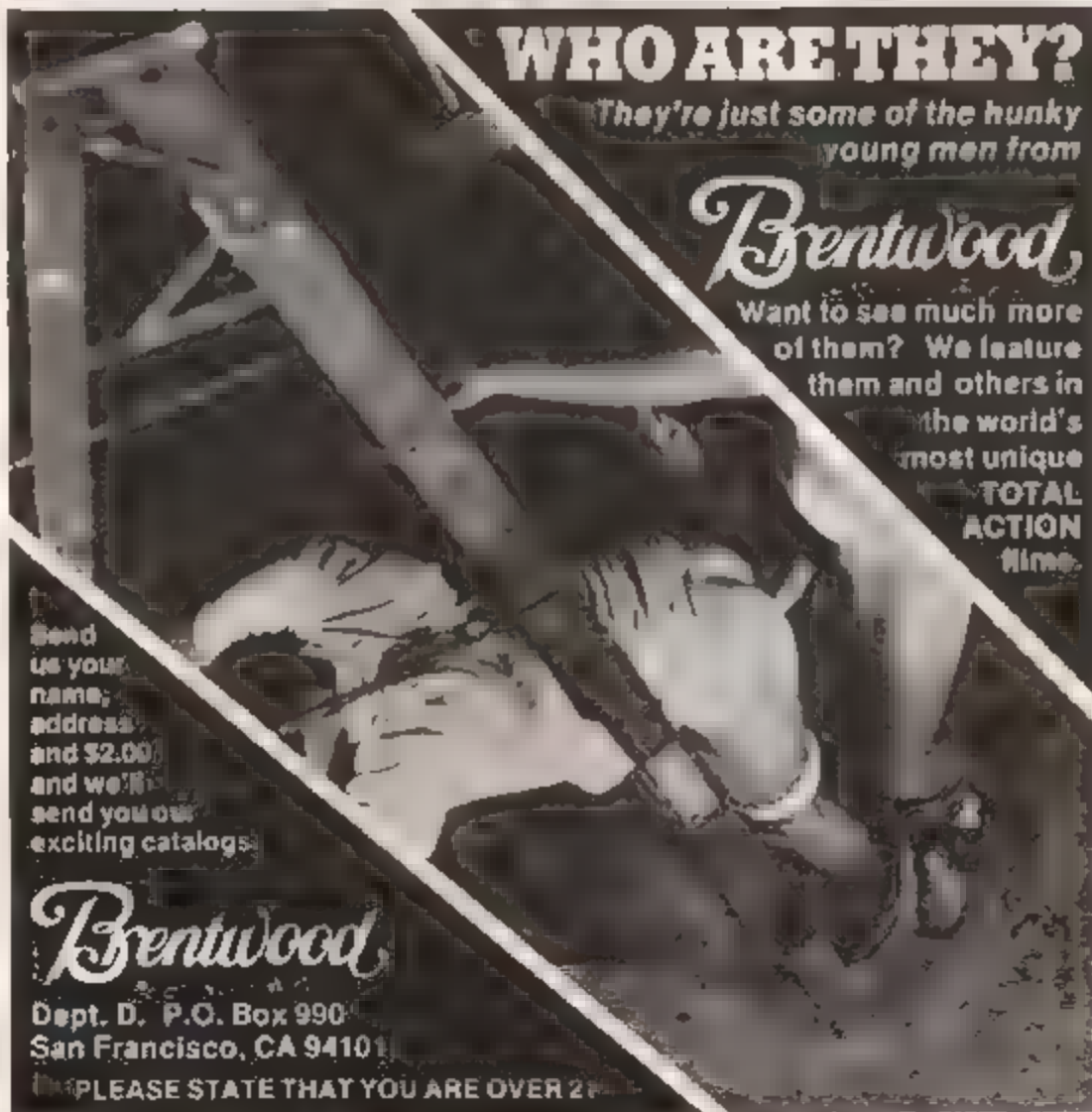
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FIVE IN THE TRAINER'S ROOM



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SCOTT MASTERS

PART III

Wednesday

The threatening clouds of the previous day hung darker and heavier, layered ominously across the sky, completely obliterating the sun and requiring the use of artificial lights even at high noon. A relentless wind whistled incessantly through the streets of the little Indiana town, screaming around corners and under eaves, heightening the dumb frustrations of all who were helpless against its blasts, emphasizing their sense of grim eroticism.

Such was the mood that prevailed among the five high school football heroes who assembled for their third session in the trainer's room that night. As compared with the night before, a strained silence reigned as they methodically divested themselves of their clothes, team jackets, long-sleeved plaid shirts, T-shirts, engineer boots, white athletic socks, jeans, and, finally, jockey shorts—their unofficial "civilian" uniforms.

Guards Dicko and Manuel, eyes glinting, stood close together in an unconscious alliance of shared experience, as Moses, Johnny, and Thaa went through the now-familiar ritual of the marbles: only two white to the one fatal red. Even at this early stage in the proceedings, some Pavlovian conditioning caused cocks to become partially hardened, twitching against tightened testicles and tensed thighs. Breathing was heavier than normal, and jaws clenched.

The three remaining potential victims warily uncurled their fists. Thaa, white marble, Moses, white.

So it was to be Johnny Todd tonight! Johnny Todd, the 17-year-old left tackle, the all-American blond, blue-eyed boy with the champion swimmer's body. This idol of the gridiron was to be the helpless slave, without a will or wish of his own, to the sadistic inventions of his peers. He who had applied the feathers to Dicko's feet and the Coke bottle to Manuel's asshole was now, himself, to be completely at their mercies.

He felt very alone, standing naked under the harsh fluorescent lights, as the others completed the process of deciding the lineup of tormentors. The lithe lines of his hardened torso shone with sweat, all-American nipples erect and all-American cock halfway on the rise. He compulsively clenched and unclenched his fists, shifting his weight from one bare foot to the other in nervous anticipation. At last it was decided. Moses Brown was gleefully first, to be followed by Thaa and ending with the two former victims, Dicko and Manuel.

"Me first, me first!" Moses exulted. "Hey, I need help, you guys, I get this fuckin' stud up! Man, you creeps ain't seen nothin' til y' see what I do t' blonde, here!"

First Moses taped Johnny's wrists together behind his back, then ran the tape all around his waist and over the hair-encircled navel, locking them into position. Next, under the black giant's sneering supervision, the boys got onto the rubbing table and lifted Johnny's naked body, feet first, toward the overhead pipes. Climbing up with them, Moses tied his victim's ankles with nylon straps to widely separated pipes so that the body, hanging helplessly, formed a Y, head suspended just an inch or two above the table top.

Moses stepped back down to the floor to gloat over his preliminary handiwork. He let his thick black fingers sweep lightly over the spread out thighs, the balls hanging limply atop the circumcised cock, the strongly defined rib cage, the hardened nipples. Johnny was aware at this time only of the ache in his groin from the way his legs were so brutally stretched apart, and that his vulnerable ass and sex organs were at just about everyone's eye level.

"Start timin'!" the command shot out. "I choose the motherfucker's pretty head!" So saying, Moses snared a heavy round metallic trash container and, thrusting the golden boy's hanging head inside, set it on the bench. Then he grabbed a broom handle and, shouldering it like a baseball bat, let go a lick at the outside of the trashcan.

Inside the container, and inside his skull, the effect on Johnny was as if all his senses had been suddenly converted into a clapper of a gigantic bell. Although actually touched by nothing more concrete than sound waves, it felt as though his brain abruptly ballooned, thrusting outward against eyeballs, sinuses, and eardrums, conducting like a jolt of electricity through every delicate headbone. His scream echoed hollowly, ineffectually, within the confines of the container.

The onlookers saw a shudder pulsate through the naked body, tightening stomach muscles and curling toes. Dicko and Manuel had drawn so close to each other that their bare shoulders and flanks were touching. Manuel draped an arm over Dicko's shoulder and, as he saw Moses ready another blow of the broom handle, he gripped that shoulder tightly. In the space of a moment, Dicko's arm slid around the waist now pressed so urgently against him. Their two uncircumcised cocks continued a slyly silent burgeoning.

Alienated in near-darkness, immobilized and exposed, Johnny Todd found that the real horror of his dilemma was in not knowing precisely when the next blow would come. And when it was at last landed, the second shock caused twice the agonizing reaction as had the first. He tried to jerk his head out of that enveloping agony by bending at knees and waist, but a stinging slap on the butt plunged him down into it again. Third, fourth, fifth blows were rapidly delivered and combined with the blood rushing to his head to produce an unendurable buildup of pain. He no longer knew if he were screaming or not.

Thaao had been avidly watching Johnny's cock slap against his belly, but his eyes were drawn momentarily to Dicko and Manuel. Each was now openly clasping the other closely about the waist, free hands dropping in awkward caress over strongly fleshed buttocks, cocks jutting upward, their attention riveted on the squirming nudity of the evening's victim. Moses began a steady syncopated drumming on the trash can, and Johnny's constant screams created a curious counter rhythm of gasping sobs.

Thaao broke the spell. "Time!"

Manuel and Dicko drew apart somewhat self-consciously and lent their efforts to releasing Johnny from his bondage. All tried to avoid staring at his bloodshot eyes and tear-stained cheeks as he jogged in place to restore the circulation to his limbs.

When the rest period was over, Thaao ordered Johnny to sit on the rubbing table, straddling it, aching thighs again spread wide. The ankles were fastened together under the table, locking the legs in place. His wrists were again tied together behind his back. Thaao paused a moment to savor his dominance over the blond captive, then knotted several shoelaces together into one long line of cord.

Forming a noose at one end, he took considerable time to tighten it around the base of the scrotum lying on the table. Johnny winced at the pressure. The worst came, however, when Thaao grasped him by the nape of the neck and violently pulled his head downward, anchoring it between his thighs by two turns of the free end of the cord. Back severely bent, neck tautly fastened to scrotum in a fashion alternately threatening suffocation or castration, Johnny felt that 15 minutes of this and nothing else could be more punishment. His forehead resting on the cold tabletop, he could not see what would happen next.

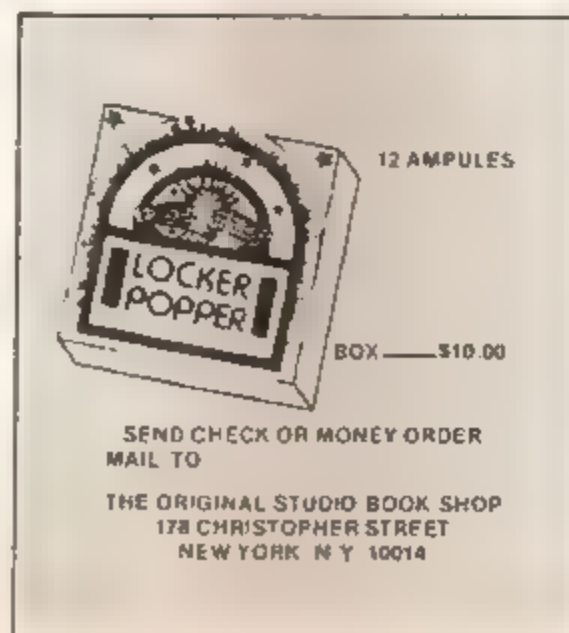
"That big broad fuckin' back there is all mine, now," Thaao declared. "Y' c'n start timin' me."

A searing sensation between his shoulder blades made Johnny lunge forward, causing a jolt in his sacred sac. He thought his balls had exploded. He couldn't even find relief in a scream, so tight had the lacing around his neck become. But, he wondered, what was that burning feeling on his back?

He could not see that Thaao had lighted an emergency candle from the janitor's supplies and had let fall a drop of hot wax to the unprotected back of his victim. Gulping for air, Johnny felt another pinpoint of pain further down toward the small of his back, on more tender skin, and involuntarily repeated his initial reaction. He didn't know if the hurt were worse on his back, at his throat, or in his crotch. What he did know was that just another few minutes of this would surely be the end of him.

Manuel and Dicko had moved to the end of the table, where they could better see the angry red spots forming from the drops of hot wax, the taped crossed wrists, the lift of the bare buttocks. They were now openly playing with each other's erections, not quite idly, while Moses, who had moved in behind them, allowed his own hardon to brush between their two bare asses. His free hand kneaded first one back, then the other. His eyes returned frequently to the stopwatch he held in the other hand.

Aware only of his personal purgatory, Johnny tried to scrunch his head closer to his crotch, and was astonished to see there that his prick was as hard and thick as ever he had known it to be. No time to wonder why, however, as the drops of burning wax fell ever more frequently across his shoulders and down his sides, each one churning a chain reaction of recoilings that escalated into countless separate agonies. He was near collapse when time was called, and more than needed the



regulation 15-minute break now due him

As his own turn was next, Dicko pulled a bit apart from Manuel. But their eyes locked together, holding aspects of challenge, joy, shame, and lust. Thaa and Moses whispered in undertones. Johnny, freed temporarily, had slumped right back on the table, fighting for breath and control, feeling utterly alone and conspired against, not able to believe that his martyrdom was only half over.

Taking charge, Dicko had him straddle the table and fastened his ankles beneath it as they just had been. He then had him cross his wrists in front of him, palms up, and tied them together that way with the center portion of the long, sweat-slippery cord. Next he made Johnny raise his arms and bend his elbows so that the locked-together wrists were at the back of his neck. The two long cord ends were knotted in front, below the chin. Finally, the victim was pushed onto his back and a piece of tape wrapped around the top of his chest and under the table.

"I'm goin' for the cock, but it gotta be hard before I start operatin'," he announced.

Ignoring Manuel's surprised glance, he took hold of Johnny's partially-erect member and began running his index finger around the tip of the glans. He thrust his other hand under the buttocks, and, with his middle finger, toyed there with the silky anal hairs, tantalizing the tight little target of targets. All eyes focused on the handsome captive's cock, watching with fascination as it filled and lengthened. All eyes, that is, but those of Manuel, which were instead intent upon the equally engorging cock of Dicko. Spread out helplessly, Johnny Todd could but give himself over to the warmly sensual feeling that spread through his battered body.

His respite was to be all too brief, however, as Dicko called for "Time!" and picked out an 18-inch length of uninsulated electrical wire from the janitor's supplies. Taking a rough grip on Johnny's balls, he slowly inserted one jagged end between the lips of the hardened prick. Johnny yelped at the first sharp contact on the most sensitive part of his person, but found that the hurt magnified excruciatingly as the wire was inexorably pushed deeper and deeper into his tumescence.

He thrashed his head from side to side, groaning, chest heaving, fearing permanent damage to his most precious part, about to protest, to shrill his capitulation. The rubbing table was slick from his sweat, and tears ran in a steady stream from the corners of his eyes. Yet some small vestige of virility still prevented that ultimate sacrificing of his manhood.

When it felt as if the end of the wire had penetrated to the very core of his being, to tease there an especially sensitive cluster of raw nerve ends, the probing ceased. About eight inches of wire remained protruding from the end of his stiffened rod. All onlookers gasped as, to that exposed remnant, Dicko applied a lighted match.

Even Moses, leaning against Thaa, considered shouting an order to stop, but was nearly hypnotized by the steady reddening of the wire toward Johnny Todd's throbbing penis. Then, with a pair of pliers, the torturer began a painfully slow withdrawal of the red-hot insertion. Alternately applying the freshly lit matches, following the heat's progress, then pulling out a bit more of the wire, Dicko kept his victim on the near edge of utter surrender without actually blistering the cockhead. And, through it all, his firm grip on the balls retained its constant pressure. Johnny had long since lost all sense of anything except the all-consuming agony in his cock and balls.

"Time!"

For the first time that week, all four rushed together to help free the victim, to assure his taking greatest advantage of the upcoming five-minute rest. Moses and Thaa again muttered together, eyeing Dicko, and even Manuel drew away from him. As for Johnny, again he just remained limply spread out on the table, right hand gingerly massaging his balls and gradually subsiding erection.

Manuel, whose turn was next, was of two minds—compassionately to take it easy on the already-exhausted victim, or, contrariwise, to go all out on that ultimate symbol of the hated WASP. He had started the evening eager to get at that honky's lily-white ass, glad as no one else decided on attacking that portion of Johnny's anatomy. Now, aware of the trembling within that body, aware of all the punishment it had absorbed that evening, he hesitated. But then he inventoried that short-cropped blond hair, those bright blue eyes, the pink flesh about to be totally in his power, and made his decision.

So it was that Manuel Alvarez, minority outsider, required Johnny Todd, Mr. Teenage America, to spread-eagle his naked body, face down, legs wide apart, on the table, there taped and tied, totally unable to protect or defend any portion of himself, the round mounds of his buttocks ashine under the bright fluorescent lights.

"For the next 15 minutes, here, that smooth white ass is gonna be all mine!" he cried out triumphantly. "Start yer fuckin' timin'!"

Johnny guessed that this was indeed going to be IT, the ultimate

ache and indignity, compounded in humiliation by the fact that his assailant, out of all possibilities, had to be this thick-cocked spic. Dicko looked up from his concentration on those firmly clenched buttock cheeks to search Manuel's eyes, finding there only a coldness of determination, remembering with a strange mixture of pleasure and pain how it had felt to have his own buttocks strapped by those strong brown hands. Thaa and Moses were once again rubbing against each other, crowded close to the prone figure of the evening's sacrifice, fingertips touching, tentatively exploring.

To everyone's surprise, Manuel did not reach for either his belt or his cock but rather for a straight razor from his locker. "I purposely ain't sharpened this fuckin' pig-sticker lately," he gloated, settling himself cross-legged between Johnny's thighs. "Nothin' like a dry shave around the shit-hole!"

That which had seemed to Johnny at first to be a reprieve, turned out instead to be a unique kind of torture. Manuel spread the cheeks with one hand, and with the other scraped against the tender flesh downward into the hairy valley. He maintained a steady swishing with the dulled edge of the razor, half cutting and half extracting by their roots the hairs that grew in that sensitive area. Tiny cuts and pits appeared in the darkened flesh, small droplets of blood speckling the area.

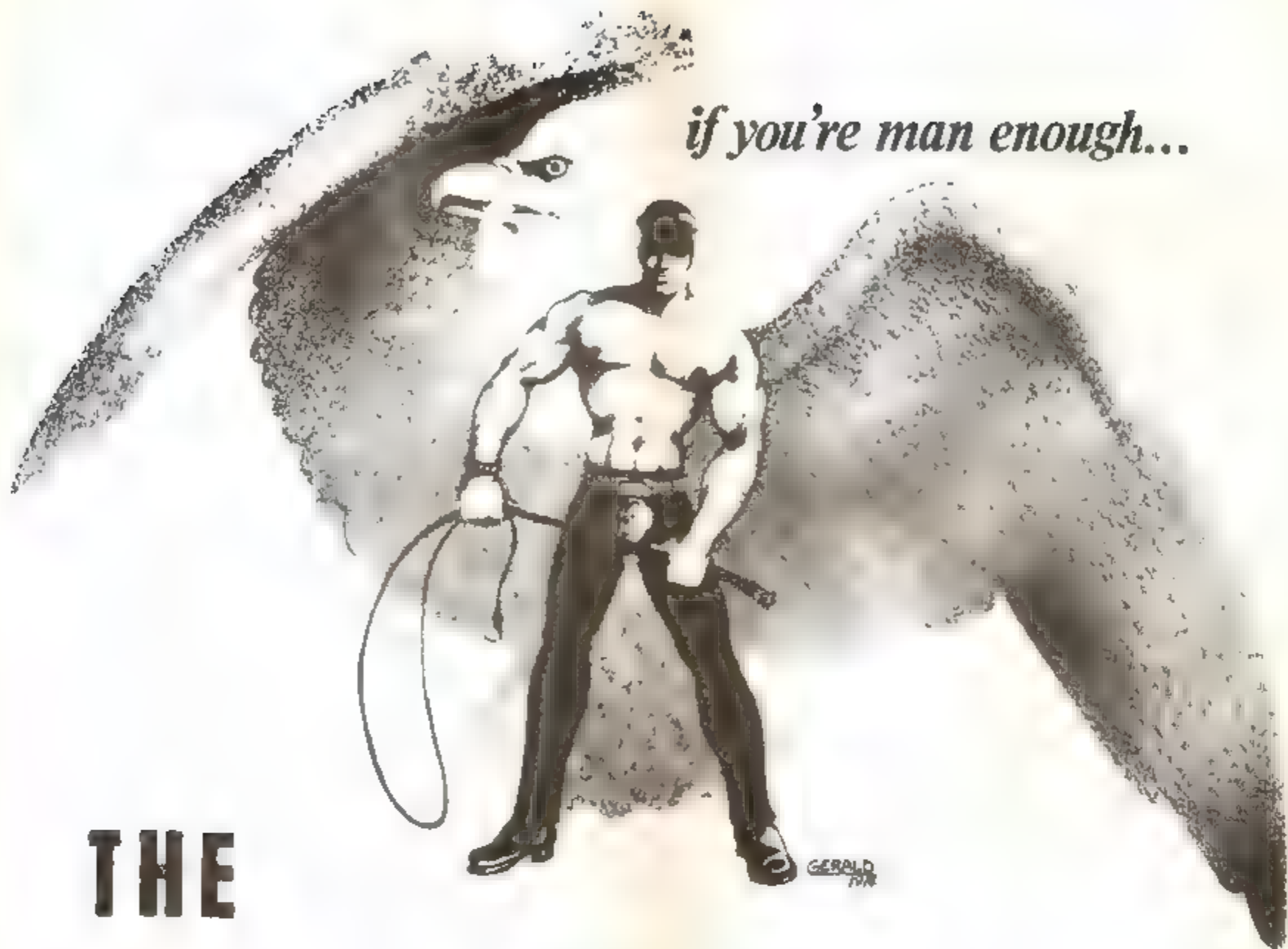
There was no way Johnny could control the spasmodic quivering of the various muscles beneath the skin under attack, the uncontrollable tensions thus created at each fresh touch of the razor causing even greater pain from the removal of the hairs. His stomach was shrunk into a leaden ball, and all he could mutter was an endless string of "Omigod"s. He was sure there were a thousand vicious incisions all concentrated in and around his asshole and each one with its own nerve cord direct to the base of his brain. When he tried to pull his ass away from the torment, by pushing into the table, the pressure on his still tender cockhead caused him to shout out in a combined wail of agony and frustration.

Just as time was about to be called, Manuel climaxed his session by covering his hands with rubbing alcohol and slapping them smartly over the tiny breaks in the skin of his victim. Johnny shrieked a final "Omigod!" just as time was called. When he was released and forced himself into a sitting position on the edge of the table, he noticed something singular.

There was a gleaming pool of gluey translucent fluid where the end of his cock had been.

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The LEATHER FRATERNITY

BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER AND BIGGER

DRUMMER IS PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE LEATHER FRATERNITY. ITS MEMBERS ARE SENT DRUMMER AS THE HOUSE ORGAN OF THE FRATERNITY. ALL ITS MEMBERS ARE LISTED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

At Leather Fraternity Headquarters, we know how exciting it is to find a new potential contact (how d'you think we find our own slaves?). . . and what a drag to pore over old listings we've read time and time again in hopes of finding someone new.

So .

As a continuing service to Fraternity members, new members will be denoted ***. That is, members whose listings did not appear in the last issue, and whose listings appear for the first time in this issue, will be so designated.

Please remember that you must be a member of The Leather Fraternity in order to answer ads or to run a free ad yourself. Now, good hunting!

HAWAII

ANNISTON, M. Gemini. 42. 5'9". 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Heavy bondage. No drugs. Box 350

ARIZONA

PHOENIX, S. Virgo. 52. 6'2". 180. White. 7". Experienced. Wants slave houseboy. Box 014Z.

PHOENIX, S. Libra. 36. 6'. 175. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Good body and long endowment important. No olds, feds. Box 250

TUCSON, S. Virgo. 50. 5'10". 140. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks docile partner under 40 into mild B&O. No heavy smokers or drinkers, drugs, dopers, feds. Box 182D

ARABIA

FORT SMITH, S. Leo. 28. 5'9 1/2". 130. White. 8". Knowledgeable, sensible, selfish, arrogant. S. wants true M, experienced and sensual. Must be small and cut. No feds, role-switchers, parasites, permanent relationships. Box 135.

CALIFORNIA

ANAHEIM, M. Pisces. 23. 5'9". 150. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Obedient to master who earns it. Long hair preferred. Box 052G.

BURBANK, M. Leo. 36. 6'. 165. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Willing and able to please sexy partner under 45. No serious pain or disfigurement, hard drugs, blacks. Box 050L

CARLSBAD, M. Leo. 43. 5'9 1/2". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks person 35 to 50 who is experienced, enthusiastic, discreet and respects limits. Box 225

CARMEL, M. Sagittarius. 43. 6'. 180. White. 8". Novice. Has deep desire to please dominant, respectful Master. Must be clean. Box 016

CHICO, M. Cancer. 30. 6'. 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Needs humiliation, W/S, scat from understanding leather Master. Blacks preferred. No feds. Box 081E

CHINO, MS. Cancer. 27. 5'7". 125. White. 7 1/4". Knowledgeable. No restrictions on personal appearance. Box 051A

CLAREMONT, SM. Virgo. 39. 5'10 1/2". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, honest, experienced partner. No feds. TVs, hustlers. Box 500

CORONA, M. Virgo. 41. 6'. 190. White. 6". Novice. Wants to serve good looking dude under 33. Well proportioned body essential. Box 169A

COSTA MESA, MS. Virgo. 35. 6'5". 180. White. 5 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn from experienced Master under 30. Box 083

DAILY CITY, S. Pisces. 42. 5'8". 135. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Demands good service from sincere leather-lover. Would like to correspond with other Masters. Box 314A

FRESNO, M. Cancer. 42. 5'9". 175. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Eager and willing to please firm but compassionate Master. Deep Throat. No addicts, selfish people. Box 051D

GARDEN GROVE, MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7". 150. White. 8". Novice. Obedient Slave seeks knowledgeable partner. No drugs or permanent relationships. Box 051G

GLENDALE, M. Libra. 48. 5'10 1/2". 155. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Wants to serve gentle but demanding master into heavy bondage. Box 050D

GLENDALE, S. Leo. 39. 5'11". 180. White. 9". Old hand. Blond German wants slim M under 30 who does not say no to bondage, discipline, etc. Possible permanent relationship. Box 168

HAWAIIAN GARDENS, M. Pisces. 37. 5'10 1/2". 165. White. 7 1/4". Knowledgeable. Complete Bondage Slave for Complete Bondage Master. Box 051H

HOLLYWOOD, S. Libra. 42. 6'1". 185. White. 7". Experienced to turn you on. Seeks husky, youngish slave to train completely. No heavy pain, a little love. No feds. Be humble. Box 071X

HOLLYWOOD, S. Cancer. 32. 5'11". 170. White. 9". Old hand. S&M film superstar wants to dominate ultra masculine partner 30 to 50. No feds, feds. Box 185P

HOLLYWOOD, MS. Taurus. 40. 5'9". 155. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder, muscular. Wants same. Box 311

HUNTINGTON BEACH, S. Cancer. 34. 5'6". 130. White. 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Seeks similar M under 33 for mutual fulfillment of fantasies. No feds, feds. Box 294S

HUNTINGTON PARK, M. Pisces. 35. 6'. 170. White. 6 1/2". Novice. No feds. Box 310

INDIO, SM. Leo. 44. 5'10". 155. White. 6 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Will understand your needs. Box 243

LA PUENTE, M. Gemini. 38. 5'9". 168. White. 7 1/2". Novice. Prefers under 45. Box 320

LAGUNA HILLS, S. Capricorn. 38. 5'8". 136. White. 8 1/2". FFA top. Must be obedient and eager to please strict master. Box 220A

LA JOLLA, MS. Virgo. 34. 5'11". 155. White. 6 1/4". Novice. Heavily into bondage, not orally or feds. No feds, blacks. Box 071L

LAKEWOOD, SM. Libra. 61. 5'8". 130. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks affectionate, discreet boot-lover over 30. No drinkers, heavy smokers, dopers. Box 080T

LONG BEACH, MS. Aquarius. 44. 6'. 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants same age or younger for strip games, mild SM. With exchange roles w/ right guy. Prefers inexperienced. Box 020

LONG BEACH, M. Virgo. 24. 5'10". 130. White. 7". Novice. Domestic and submissive. Will dedicate himself permanently to active masculine partner over 30. Box 151

LOS ANGELES, M. Virgo. 40. 6'. 165. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Likes heavy action on balls. No feds. Box 010

LOS ANGELES, S. Aries. 38. 5'6". 135. White. 6". Old hand. Seeks masculine, submissive M under 40. No scat, feds, mutilation. Box 018

LOS ANGELES, M. Gemini. 35. 5'12". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. No feds. Box 050A

LOS ANGELES, MS. Aries. 42. 6'1". 180. White. 6 1/2". Novice with strong desire to learn. Prefers masculine bodybuilder type with large cock. Box 050S

LOS ANGELES, S. 33. 5'8". 140. White. 8 1/2". Old hand. Seeks experienced M under 31 with groovy body, tight ass. Box 060W

LOS ANGELES, MS. Capricorn. 40. 5'9 1/2". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced M also interested in working as associate S. Good body a must. Box 115

LOS ANGELES, S. Virgo. 25. 6'. 145. White. 7". Knowledgeable, versatile. Desires masculine policeman or CHP. Prefers motorcycleman. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 166

LOS ANGELES, SM. Pisces. 49. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Novice. No boots, drugs. Looks not important, but must be over 38. Box 16Z

LOS ANGELES, SM. Taurus. 29. 6'1". 195. White. 6 1/2". Sensual, imaginative novice seeks muscular partner to 37 with warmth and sense of humor. Box 180H

LOS ANGELES, M. Virgo. 49. 5'10 1/2". 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 18Z

LOS ANGELES. S. Libra. 37. 6'4". 200. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will respect limits of husky, masculine slave with hairy chest. No fems, scat, heavy scenes. Must be discreet. Box 205M.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Scorpio. 41. 6'. 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will understand and respect limits of knowledgeable, compatible partner. No fats, blacks. Box 208.

LOS ANGELES. SM. Leo. 30. 6'. 155. White. 7". Completely inexperienced but wants strong, gentle S to teach him to be a good S. No baldies, fats, olds. Box 307A.

LOS ANGELES. M. Libra. 42. 5'6 1/2". 135. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Follows orders well. No fats. Box 242.

LOS ANGELES. M. Capricorn. 53. 5'11 1/2". 210. White. Knowledgeable. Will adore and worship a noble beast of a Master up to 40 heavy into humiliation. No sobs. Box 347.

MALIBU. SM. Leo. 32. 5'9". 139. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Leather-wearing egotist wants to learn more about the scene from knowledgeable partner able to tolerate his ego and temper. No one-night stands. Sharing a must. Box 1850.

MANHATTAN BEACH. M. Capricorn. 42. 5'7". 138. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Small, slim with firm ass wants verbal humiliation and training from stern Master. Box 048A.

MARINA DEL REY. MS. Virgo. 38. 5'11". 168. White. Novice. Wants permanent partner for boxing, judo, wrestling. No fats, blacks, hard drugs, dirt. Box 125P.

MAYWOOD. S. Aries. 52. 5'9". 145. White. 5". Old hand. Has had laryngectomy. Prefers hairless chest. No drunks or fats. Box 350.

MISSION BEACH. M. Aries. 44. 5'7 1/2". 155. White. 7 1/2". Novice. Needs to be humiliated and forced to do things against his will. Virgin ass. Box 076M.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. MS. Aquarius. 43. 6'1". 140. Completely inexperienced. Wants young guy. Box 055.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD. SM. Libra. 35. 5'6". 130. White. 7". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable, understanding partner under 50 who respects limits. No fats. Box 181T.

OAKLAND. M. Gemini. 44. 6'1". 144. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Eager and willing to please permanent master into heavy discipline and motorcycles. No fats, drunks, hard drugs. Box 125L.

OAKLAND. S. Sagittarius. 50. 5'10 1/2". 155. White. 6". Novice. Must be well built and obedient. No scat. Box 345.

OAKLAND. M. Pisces. 52. 6'2". 200. White. 6". Novice. Wants understanding teacher to help his B&D fantasies come true. Into art and classical music. No fems, dopers, hippies. Box 425.

OXNARD. M. Aries. 42. 5'10". 190. White. Novice. Bondage. No drugs. Box 340.

PALM DESERT. SM. Taurus. 41. 6'. 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will satisfy your needs. No fats. Box 246.

PASADENA. MS. Aries. 46. 5'11 1/2". 175. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs instruction. Digs rear-end action. Box 061A.

PASADENA. M. Scorpio. 43. 6'. 186. White. 7". Novice. Prefers bike riders. No fems, fats, olds. Box 150.

PASADENA. M. Sagittarius. 47. 5'10". 150. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn painless bondage from respectful S. No W/S, scat, drugs, fems. Box 276.

RICHMOND. S. Capricorn. 45. 5'11". 162. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks completely passive, cat slave of same race with Sundays free. No fats, dopers, scat. W/S. Box 050F.

SACRAMENTO. MS. Cancer. 39. 6'1". 225. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prolonged bondage and training. Box 296A.

SAN DIEGO. M. Leo. 38. 6'3". 190. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Enjoys bondage, being used. Partner should be near area and respect limits. Box 050K.

SAN DIEGO/EL CAJON. S. Cancer. 5'6". 140. White. 6 1/2". Butch type leather Master needs naked slave for fun and pleasure. Must be cut. Box 125.

SAN DIEGO. S. Gemini. 43. 5'6". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Bodybuilder seeks butch, sincere partner in good physical condition who knows how to serve. No fats, drugs, dirty types. Box 182V.

SAN FERNANDO. M. Cancer. 37. 5'11". 185. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Chains, tattoos, grease. Box 201.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Cancer. 38. 5'8". 130. Black. 5 1/2". Novice. Former M wishes to work out S fantasies with inexperienced partner born on the 21st of any month. Body hair a must. No fems, fats, blonds. Box 032.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Gemini. 34. 5'10". 140. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks S who is mentally and physically superior, not fat or over 39. Box 132.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Leo. 35. 6'1". 153. White. Novice. Scene is secondary to overall turn on. No fems, fats, heavy drugs. Box 075.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Libra. 50. 6'2 1/2". 185. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and respect limits. Box 126A.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Leo. 34. 5'8". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable, sincere, considerate, patient stud seeks sincere, submissive M under 40. No fems, fats, drugs. Box 145.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Gemini. 31. 6'. 185. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Heavy into oral, strapping, whipping action. Will switch roles for right person. No permanent relationships. Box 157.

SAN FRANCISCO. MS. Libra. 33. 6'. 170. White. 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Taurus. 36. 5'10". 165. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Clean cut collegiate type preferred. Absolutely no role-switching. Box 185.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Cancer. 31. 5'11 1/2". 175. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Must be masculine and into total bondage and humiliation. Box 187.

SAN FRANCISCO. S. Aries. 55. 6'. 182. White. 6 1/2". Old hand. Thirty-year S&M veteran seeks partner to 50 able to take moderate to severe whipping, some W/S. No role-switching, fats, scat, FF, drugs. Box 187P.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM. Pisces. 30. 5'10". 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be willing to take anything and/or do anything short of permanent damage. Box 294M.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Leo. 37. 6'. 150. White. 6". Novice. Masculine. Prefers educated, beefy, tall, dominant man into uniforms, law enforcement. Seeks submission but not abuse, mutual respect and affection, complimentary mate. Tattoos, mirrors, hairy, plus factors. Box 294Y.

SAN FRANCISCO. M. Aries. 40. 5'6 1/2". 135. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks trusting, trustworthy S. No fems, fats, blacks, hippies. Box 295.

SAN MATEO. MS. Libra. 33. 6'. 170. White. 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers muscular, older, more mature. Box 170.

SAN MATEO. M. Aries. 38. 6'. 185. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Turned on by bondage and whipping. Wants S to lead him from knowledgeable to expert. Eager to try new toys and positions. Box 083M.

SANTA BARBARA. M. Virgo. 29. 5'5". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Prefer dominant S or SM types, 25 and over. Out of towners welcome. Box 022.

SANTA BARBARA. SM. Leo. 30. 5'10". 155. White. 6". Willing to learn and expand experience with partners who have their own places, toys. Box 242L.

SANTA MONICA. S. Capricorn. 30. 6'1". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Into suspension, bondage and piercing. Also wants to meet other Ss toward establishing a complete castle. Box 133T.

SANTA MONICA. S. Pisces. 48. 6'3". 175. White. 7". Shaves body. No fems, fats, or quick fucks. Box 185M.

STANFORD. MS. Virgo. 44. 5'7". 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Uninhibited, obedient, prefers locals under 40 but older S if skilled. Into anal action. No fems, fats, boozers. Box 206.

TUSTIN. M. Libra. 35. 5'7". 130. White. 7". Novice. Will give the right Master what he wants and needs. Must be under 46 and cut. No fats, hardcore. Box 216.

WOODSIDE. SM. Aries. 33. 6'. 168. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants good leather sex on the Peninsula. No fats, balds, scat, over. Will switch roles with right person. Box 189.

CONNECTICUT

AURORA. M. Aquarius. 23. 5'8". 150. White. 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Sincere leather lover digs police scene. Wants to get into prolonged total bondage, dog and toilet training. Willing to experiment and correspond. Box 110.

AURORA. MS. Gemini. 22. 5'11". 145. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Has sincere desire to learn both roles from knowledgeable partner up to 35. No drugs, freaks, redheads. Box 1680.

DENVER. M. Libra. 30. 5'9 1/2". 195. White. 7". Novice. Seeks totally dominant Master to please and serve. Prefers non-smoker, light drinker, no drugs. Box 254.

HENDERSON. S. Aries. 32. 6'2". 190. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Dominant, demanding dude seeks partner to 48 who does what he's told. No one dirty or non-masculine. Box 304L.

CONNECTICUT

MILFORD. S. Capricorn. 44. 5'10 1/2". 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Educated, experienced former police officer and champion motorcyclist seeks devoted, masculine M willing to be completely owned. Should be intelligent. No drugs, drunks, fems, fats, cheats. Box 309.

MYSTIC. S. Aries. 50s. 5'10". 175. White. 8". Old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner up to 50. No drugs, phones, dildos, fats, fems. Box 329.

OLD SAYBROOK. M. Capricorn. 36. 6'4". 200. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will obey experienced Master with big cock and good body. Box 165L.

CONNECTICUT

DOVER. M. Capricorn. 27. 6'. 160. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Seeking very dominant and butch male into heavy leather. Bike score a plus. No fems, fats, weak lings. Box 061F.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON. SM. Leo. 41. 5'10". 145. White. 8". Well informed novice. Dominant dude into S&M fantasies seeks mainly correspondent. Unless contact is discreet. Group experiences a turn-on. No fems, fats, drugs, hippies, scat brands. Box 017M.

WASHINGTON. MS. Sagittarius. 41. 6'. 220. White. 9". Knowledgeable. Tattoos. Box 300.

WASHINGTON. SM. Cancer. 32. 6'. 165. White. 7 1/2". Novice. Wants good looking well built with sense of humor. Box 324.

FLORIDA

COCONUT GROVE. SM. Virgo. 46. 5'8 1/2". 140. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Can relate to and assume both roles with discreet, intelligent partner under 6', over 30. No fats, fems, hirsute types. Oriental a plus. Box 079.

COCONUT GROVE. S. Cancer. 39. 6'2". 175. White. 7". Old hand. No fems or inhibited types. No one over 58 or 225 lbs. Will train in person, mail or phone. Box 132.

CORAL GABLES. MS. Sagittarius. 23. 6'. 155. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must be clean and straight. Age unimportant. Box 032.

FT. LAUDERDALE M Virgo 45 5'11" 184. White 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Tight ass. Needs masculine S, considerate of needs and limits. Will service Masters in area on business/vacation trips. Box 183P

KISSIMMEE SM Virgo 53 5'10 1/2" 150. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Prefers partner under 40 into role switching. No drugs. Box 153

LAKE WORTH SM Pisces 36 6'1" 175. White 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants no nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251

MIAMI SM Scorpio 35 5'9 1/2" Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047

MIAMI MS Leo 31 5'8 1/2" 160. White 7". Knowledgeable. Prefers black Master but color not a hangup. Box 058

MIAMI M Libra 25 5'8" 150. White 7 1/4". Novice. Needs instructor 21-42, bodybuilder type. Box 298

ORLANDO S Libra 25 5'8" 145. White 7". Knowledgeable B&D Firm but gentle. Prefers slave 18-35. Box 060C

ST PETERSBURG BEACH M Taurus 42 6' 222. White 6". Novice. Passive with high pain threshold. Will serve a knowledgeable Master who respects limits. No heavy booze, drugs. Must be clean. Box 062L

TAMPA/ST PETERSBURG S Virgo 36 5'9" 160 8 1/2". Knowledgeable B&D Slave must be straight appearing. No fems, tats. Box 126M

HAWAII

KAPAA, KAUAI M Aries 37 5'10" 155. White 7 1/2". Novice. Total service to bitch S, 30 to 50. Will relocate for right Master. No drugs, phones, liars. Box 272

ILLINOIS

BELLEVILLE M Virgo 29 5'9" 140. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner under 40 who respects limits and wants totally obedient Slave. No role-switching, excessive drug or alcohol use. Box 221

BUFFALO GROVE MS Pisces 50 5'11" 155. White 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. No heavy stuff but willing to learn. Box 293

CHICAGO M Cancer 39 5'11" 185. White. Knowledgeable. Seeks bodybuilder type up to 45 able to totally dominate. Must be masculine clean, straight in appearance. Box 052Z1

CHICAGO M Cancer 31 6' 165. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. No role playing, wants the true S who enjoys seeing guy in pain and with bruises. Box 307

CHICAGO SM Aries 33 5'10" 200. White 6 1/2". Novice. S&M author wants to correspond with/ meet others into S&M porn. Box 088E

MORTON GROVE SM Sagittarius 36 6' 150. White 8". Novice. Wants partner who digs good S&M sex and is willing to experiment. Under 36 and no hard drugs. Box 180W

MURPHYSBORO S Virgo 32 5'7" 160. White. 10 1/2". Knowledgeable. Abusive, imaginative dude seeks intelligent, attractive partner. Early 20's preferred. No slobs. Box 125H

SPRINGFIELD MS Aries 51 5'8" 170. White. 5". Knowledgeable. Wants to meet muscular, hairy men for bondage. 30-50 preferred. Box 335

WHEATON MS Scorpio 34 5'10" 230. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Desires training. No drugs. Box 160

WOOD RIVER S Capricorn 56 5'6" 155. White 7". Knowledgeable. Open minded, willing to please. Box 360

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS S Cancer 46 5'9" 144. White 6". Knowledgeable. Firm, quiet Master prefers well educated, interesting slave. Will work out your fantasy. Box 303

VINCENNES S Virgo 32 5'9 1/2" 149. White 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-33, full round buns and strong legs. College grad if possible. Box 186A

IOWA

DES MOINES S Pisces 40 6' 180. White 6". Knowledgeable. Prefers under 32, trim. Will respect limits. Box 072

KENTUCKY

LEXINGTON S Leo 37 6'1" 197. White. 7". Knowledgeable, understanding. Partner must be experienced, smaller, straight appearing, educated, discreet, without conscience conflict in these and related matters, over 25. No fems, tats, dopers, suicides. Box 258

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE S Leo 28 5'10" 170. White 8". Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying Slave's real desires. Must be at least 6", masculine. Box 047W

HARVEY SM Pisces 45 5'7" 155. White. 4". Knowledgeable. Military discipline. Masculine. A must. Box 052A

NEW ORLEANS S Gemini 42 6'1" 195. White 6". Knowledgeable. Total respect and obedience demanded. Box 305

MAINE

KITTERY POINT SM Sagittarius 30 6'2 1/2" 180. White 7". Novice. Wants to learn more about the scene from someone heavy into sex. Box 242R

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS S Taurus 31 5'10" 160. White 8". Knowledgeable. No fags playing bitch. Box 040

BALTIMORE MS Sagittarius 51 6' 175. White 7". Novice. Seeks intelligent, discreet partner heavily into bondage. No heavy pain, drugs, tats, fems. Box 185E

FREDERICK S Cancer 30 5'11" 160. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Understanding, respectful Master uses anatomy/physiology/psychology training to further the scene. Demanding but not unreasonable. Seeks geographically close M over 23 into bondage. No fems, long hairs, drugs, blacks. Box 294V



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MASSACHUSETTS

CHICOPEE SM Leo 30 5'5" 155. White. 6". Novice. Age unimportant. No fems. Mutual paddling and whipping. Box 004

FALL RIVER S Sagittarius 45 5'8" 160. White 7". Knowledgeable. Experienced disciplinarian. Slave must be young, healthy, straight appearing and neat. Box 082R

PINEHURST MS Taurus 38 5'11" 156. White 7". Knowledgeable. Slow torture. Box 059A

SANDSFIELD M Cancer 46 6' 170. White 8". Old hand. Tattooed cock. Pubic hair removed. No drugs. Box 280

MICHIGAN

BAY CITY M Pisces 25 5'11" 170. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Requires training by experienced S under 35. Box 045

BERKLEY S Virgo 33 5'6" 135. White 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient, experimental Slave. No bails, tats, dominants. Box 057D

DETROIT M Scorpio 34 5'9" 165. Black 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Needs white Master under 35. Box 123A

DETROIT M Virgo 23 5'7" 140. White 5 1/4". Novice. Must dig on leather and bondage without pain. Box 123M

FLINT SM 44 5'8" 148. Knowledgeable. Prefers 24-34, Levi and ivy-league look. Box 061F

LANSING MS Gemini 58 5'10" 155. White. 5 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Wants to learn both roles. Box 181M

RIVERVIEW M Cancer 26 5'9 1/4" 165. Black 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing, passive and eager to learn from dominant, take charge guy 30 to 50, 6' or over. Should be muscular. No passives. Box 044

SAGINAW M Leo 58 5'11" 170. White 6". Knowledgeable. Needs extra large, uncult, hairy. Want training as a toilet slave. Box 050M

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS M Pisces 38 5'6" 138. White 6 1/4". Novice. Enjoys golden showers from clean masculine men. Box 180L

MISSISSIPPI

FLORISSANT M Sagittarius 46 6'1" 185. White 5". Novice. Prefers heavy, lengthy session. Box 090

KANSAS CITY M Scorpio 50 5'8" 125. White 6". Knowledgeable. Needs heavy discipline by black or white S. Box 296M

ST. LOUIS S Leo 30 5'11" 215. White 6". Novice. Needs clean, discreet, honest partner who will teach him to please partner's needs. Box 245

MONTANA

SWEETGRASS MS Aquarius 50 6'1" 180. White 6". Old hand. Collection of used cowboy/leather gear. No fems. Box 230

NEBRASKA

WAYNE M Pisces 34 6' 165. White 6 1/2". Novice. Seeks not too-experienced cowboy type into bondage. Box 306

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS MS Taurus 32 5'11 1/2" 170. White 11". Novice. Prefers muscleman. No fems, long hair. Box 270

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY SM Libra 30 5'9" 170. 6". Levelheaded, friendly O.J. Simpson type bondage games enthusiast. Knowledgeable. Prefers athletic, hunky types. No fems, tats. Box 068R

CHERRY HILL S Scorpio 31 5'8" 150. White. Knowledgeable. Bondage. No tats, feds, skinnies. Box 290

LINCOLN PARK M Capricorn 52 5'9 1/2" 159. White 5 1/4". Completely inexperienced. Wants heavy nipple action, W/S from burly S up to 40. Group scenes a real turn-on. No tats, slanders, smalls. Box 135M

MORRISTOWN S Scorpio 36 6'2" 180. White 6 1/2". Novice. Dominant dude seeks self supporting, true Slave who will obey all orders at all times. Under 32. Box 291

NEWARK, M. Aries. 33. 6', 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Black Master preferred but not essential. Wishes to please in any manner. Box 052Z

NEWARK, MS. Libra. 54. 5'9 1/2". 155. White. 8 1/2". Completely experienced. Seeks training from younger person. Box 294W

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE, M. Virgo. 37. 6'1". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Box 070

ALBUQUERQUE, M. Leo. 43. 5'9". 165. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Will serve your big feet in either harness boots or tennis shoes. Box 165R

ALBUQUERQUE, M. Taurus. 23. 5'6". 150. White. 7". Novice. Will obey relaxed, secure Master in all ways. Must have large endowment. Interest in sports, outdoors preferred. No turkeys. Box 375

NEW YORK

ALBANY, MS. Cancer. 24. 5'11 1/2". 165. White. 6 1/2". Novice. No oldies, fatties, ferts. Box 240

ALBANY, S. Gemini/Taurus. 40. 6'2". 225. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants straight-appearing who digs police scene. Box 317

AMHERST, M. Virgo. 27. 6'. 200. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants hairy, full leather (especially gloves), beard. Domination without pain. Box 210

*****BRONX, M.** Libra. 54. 5'11". 150. White. 5". Knowledgeable. Has need and capacity to serve butch Master into uniforms, boots, breeches, etc. Prefers over 44. 5'10". No fats, heavy pain/torure trips. FF. Box 017

BRONX, M. Scorpio. 42. 5'10". 150. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Wants to be owned as a to let slave and houseman/servant. Two or more Masters preferred. Box 255

*****BROOKLYN, S.** Leo. 44. 6'1". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Police domination and discipline and bondage with leather gear. Will build pain tolerance in slave. Limits respected. Box 127

CLAYTON, SM. Aquarius. 28. 5'7 1/2". 160. White. 5 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Eager to learn from attractive, open minded, discreet dude. No ferts, fats, scat. Box 292

GLENS FALLS, S. Pisces. 46. 5'8". 150. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Will train willing Slave under 30. Limits respected. Prefers jock type athletic Slave. Box 260

HUDSON, MS. Leo. 36. 6'1". 185. White. 10". Novice. Wants very good looking slender, muscular. No fats or over 35. Box 100

*****MOUNT VERNON, SM.** Leo. 46. 6'. 175. White. 8". Novice. Digs bikers, cops, cowboys, wearing partner's clothing. Must be clean, masculine. No drugs, fats. Box 184D

NEW YORK, M. Cancer. 38. 6'2". 210. White. 6". Intermediate. Weightlifter with 46" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with clean, masculine S over 5'5". Box 023

NEW YORK, S. Libra. 42. 6'. 175. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks intelligent partner. Not a "sex only" type. Box 071E

*****NEW YORK, M.** Sagittarius. 31. 6'3". 165. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Macho M wants FF from bearded and/or moustached S to 45. No fats, ferts. Box 071T

NEW YORK, MS. Gemini. 30. 5'11". 160. White. 8 1/2". Prefers bearded or moustached biker. No fats or egoists. Box 133

NEW YORK, M. Aries. 42. 5'11". 170. White. 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. No long hair. No ferts. Box 180

NEW YORK, M. Pisces. 28. 5'10 1/2". 140. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will serve, obey, and satisfy completely a truly masculine Master. Prefers clean shaven short hairs. Box 252B

NEW YORK, M. Libra. Mid-50s. 6'3". 165. White. 6". White-haired man of distinction will serve real male, any age, who fantasizes beating Daddy's ass, fucking his professor, pissing into his priest, making the boss suck his ass, etc. No fats or fanatics. Box 290X

*****NEW YORK, M.** Pisces. 33. 5'7". 135. White. 6". Novice. Craves domination, restraint, rough treatment from handsome, knowledgeable Master under 40. No heavy drugs, drunks. Box 370

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius. 36. 5'8". 136. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Must have intense masculine domination and bondage from man 40-55. Box 070T

STATEN ISLAND, MS. Sagittarius. 35. 5'7". 140. White. 5 1/2". Old hand. Wants slim and clean. Toilet training in rubber and swimwear. Box 220M

UNIONDALE, M. Sagittarius. 23. 6'1". 200. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Will try anything for right Master. Box 005

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH, SM. Cancer. 43. 6'1 1/2". 195. White. 8 1/2". Novice. Domination without physical pain. Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156

RALEIGH, MS. Taurus. 34. 6'1". 165. White. 6". Novice. Will obey sexy, imaginative stud. Black preferred. Box 158

NORTH DAKOTA

noonan, M. Cancer. 33. 5'9". 150. White. 6". Novice. Into rough sex, W/S, the raunchier the better. Hairy chest and tattoos a real turn on. No scat. Box 229

OHIO

AKRON, SM. Sagittarius. 39. 6'2". 165. White. 8". Knowledgeable. NE, Ohio, Richmond, Atlanta areas. Seeks versatility and enthusiasm. Box 154

CANTON, M. Leo. 5'8 1/2". 160. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Willing to serve clean, forceful Master. Box 227

CLEVELAND, MS. Leo. 31. 6'1". 185. White. 7 1/2". Completely inexperienced. Muscular guys with cock under 7 1/2" preferred. Box 130

COLUMBUS, M. Aries. 35. 5'10 1/2". 165. Black. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Wants to serve Master(s) as complete toilet Slave. Box 124

COLUMBUS, SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 150. White. 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks stable, cool partner under 31. No ferts, fats, hippies. Box 304

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hand
And to be alone, with some work is
grand,
Alone in a mist, with a moon—that's
magic.
Alone on a Saturday night—that's
tragic.

Margaret Engleman



*"Don't forget to shut that
door when you're finished."*



"There's a lot of activity in this cage — but so far, no offspring."



"WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR..."



"My undershirt too, Sir?"

JACK WRANGLER IS TWENTY-FOUR, 5' 10" TALL, WEIGHS 140, IS BLONDE WITH BLUE EYES. HIS SIZE EIGHT BOOTS BELIE HIS ELEVEN INCHES. HE LIKES SWIMMING, BAREBACK RIDING, TENNIS, SURFING AND IS NEW TO LEATHER.



Photography by JOHN DAVID HOUGH

VESSIR

Superstud JACK WRANGLER is also fast becoming a Superstar. He starred in the stage production of "RUSTY", which just closed in San Francisco. And his new movie "CURB SERVICE" is just opening in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Jack, as an actor, is well-trained in taking directions. Here he shows us how the simple act of being told to take off one's clothing can be a real turn-on. First, a directive for self-stimulation from the guy in charge—then the order to strip. Finally, on his knees, atop his clothes, he awaits the next order, which follows on our
CENTER FOLD-OUT

A set of six super 8" X 10" B/W Photos (not the usual 5" X 7"), or six Color Slides showing JACK WRANGLER'S unique approach to Leather, are available from ROBERT PAYNE for a mere \$5. All are brand new, never before published anywhere, not even here.



WHITE DEATH



Photo by DICK FONTAINE

In the first dream he appears dressed
he walks out of absolute darkness
into what is probably only a streetlamp light.
He is wearing dark clothes
he walks slowly . . . looking straight ahead
so that I can see the features of his face
which are clean and sharp.

He stops a few feet away
as if to acknowledge he has seen me
sitting in my car . . . in the dark.

He walks to the drivers side
his crotch framed by the rolled-down window.
This image remains for a long moment.

He is wearing black levis with a silver zipper
pockets with silver studs at each corner.
The fabric across his thighs is strained
by the obsession contained within.
His hand appears in the window frame
moving (the right hand) to his pocket
the thumb disappearing in the cloth.
I lean over slowly . . . silently

and press my lips against his fly
I press my lips into the dark fabric
push my face against the soft darkness.

I close my eyes when I do this
so that the gesture . . . and what follows
remain in absolute quiet.

In the second dream he is riding in the car with me.
I have picked him up on the side of the road.
He does not talk . . . Occasionally I glance
careful not to turn my head . . . at his crotch.
He is wearing old and worn blue jeans.
one hand . . . half curled into a fist
rests on his right thigh . . . There is
no traffic on the road and no light
except that my headlights make moving.

I slow the car and stop
there is the sound of tires on gravel
as I move from the concrete to the shoulder.
He does not move . . . I can hear . . . quite distinctly
the sound of crickets from the darkness around us.
I slowly turn and bend my head down to his crotch.
I place my lips on the rise in his jeans . . . As I do this
he places his hand against the back of my head.

In the third and final dream
I am kneeling beside my car . . . on the gravel
on a deserted road with the stranger.
He has not spoken . . . He is wearing black
pants and a checkered cowboy shirt.
He stands over me . . . legs spread apart
pointing a gun at the side of my head.
His crotch is in front of my eyes.
I can smell the odor of his sweat.

He pulls my face to his crotch
and forces my mouth and nose against the cloth
until my breathing is restricted . . . the gun
has been moved to my left ear and pushed in
and moved back and forth . . . He steps back
and forces me to look up by pulling down
on the back of my hair . . . He puts the gun
barrel into my mouth and slowly pushes it in
until . . . up to the bullet chambers . . .
it is inside me . . . He moves the barrel around
clicking the metal against my teeth . . .
He releases his hold on my hair . . . and begins
moving the barrel of the gun in and out of my mouth.

I can smell him stronger
and I can smell the odor of the gun
and I close my eyes once again.

John W. Rowberry

DAYTON, SM. Virgo. 30. 5'7½". 185. White. 6½" erenced. Eager to share scene and friendship with honest, intelligent partner under 40. No hard drugs, feds, fats. Box 123

LAKEWOOD, S. Leo. 46. 6'1½". 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants completely subservient Slave who is clean and well endowed. Box 205

MIDDLETOWN, M. Gemini. 44. 6'1½". 150. White. 7". Novice. Leather boot fetishist seeks partner 35 to 50. No torture. Box 070P

OKLAHOMA

LAWTON, M. 31. 5'10". 135. White. 7". Novice. Needs humiliation, discipline and training. Eager to please strict stud Master. No drugs or feds. Box 315

OREGON

PORTLAND, SM. Sagittarius. 33. 6'3". 190. White. 6¾". Completely inexperienced. Prefers short, dark, muscular. No feds, fats, redheads. Psychological domination more than physical pain. Box 028

PORTLAND, S. Scorpio. 32. 6'. 175. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Looking for young, true slave willing to serve and be owned fully for life. Must be uncult and hung. Box 064

PORTLAND, S. Pisces. 43. 6'1". 145. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy. Wants Slave for prolonged B&D for head and body training. Beginner OK. No feds, fats, dopers, quickies. Box 107J

PENNSYLVANIA

BUCKS COUNTY, M. Taurus. 48. 6'. 145. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Wants relationship with clean, intelligent man with leather tastes. No hardcore S&M, drugs, feds, blacks. Box 252C

EAGLES MERE, M. Gemini. 31. 6'. 200. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will submit and totally obey right Master who respects limits and wants continuous relationship. Box 187C

HARRISBURG, M. Scorpio. 40. 6'. 163. White. 6". Novice. Needs discipline and bondage. Box 319

LANCASTER, SM. Virgo. 38. 5'7". 155. White. 5½". Eager to learn from attractive, open minded, discreet dude. No feds, fats, scal. Box 194

PHILADELPHIA, SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T

PHILADELPHIA, M. Aries. 25. 6'. 160. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys bondage. Respects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut. Box 051B

PHILADELPHIA, M. Aries. 26. 5'10". 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Willing and subservient for level headed partner under 30. Must be cut. Black preferred. Box 186

READING, SM. Cancer. 43. 6'. 160. White. 6". Novice. Enjoys bondage. Respects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be cut. Box 051B

UPPER DARBY, M. Capricorn. 35. 5'10". 165. White. 7-8". Novice. Needs control and discipline from knowledgeable S who respects limits. No feds, fats, beards. Box 211

WAYNE, MS. Leo. 47. 5'7½". 145. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, straight appearing, respectful Master, 30 to 50. No feds, blacks, redheads. Box 296G

*****WEST CHESTER, SM.** Taurus. 30. 5'4". 130. White. 3½". Novice. Respectful, honest, helpful Master seeks solid, clean, affectionate partner to 35. Must be cut. Hairy chest, tattoos a turn-on. No feds, V rges, heavy drugs, drinkers. Box 318

YORK, M. Cancer. 28. 5'8". 220. White. Will completely serve S to 35 who will dominate verbally, mentally, physically. Prefers someone nearby into verbal humiliation, slave and dog training. Box 184H

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, SM. Gemini. 55. 5'10". 148. White. 5½". Novice. Submissive. aims to please. Seeking dominant partner or cowboy type to 30. No feds, passives. Box 263

PROVIDENCE, SM. Gemini. 55. 5'10". 148. White. 5½". Novice. Seeks local contacts under 50. No feds, hard drugs. Box 327

SOUTH DAKOTA

SIOUX FALLS, M. Gemini. 27. 5'9". 150. White. 7". Novice. Submissive. aims to please. Seeking dominant partner or cowboy type to 30. No feds, passives. Box 263

TEXAS

COLLIERSVILLE, S. Leo. 33. 5'11". 165. White. 7". Novice. Must be butch and muscular. Box 086

MEMPHIS, MS. Aquarius. 37. 6'2". 180. White. 6½". Novice. Travels extensively. Will experiment under dominant partner. Box 140

MEMPHIS, S. Scorpio. 25. 6'. 180. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Short hair, big balls preferred. Box 720R

TEXAS

DALLAS, M. Scorpio. 30. 6'2". 155. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Wants masculine guys to paddle bare ass, switch thighs and calves with riding crop. Must be 18 40 and respect limits. Box 002

DALLAS, S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7¼". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No feds. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049

DALLAS, S. Aries. 39. 5'11". 190. White. 6½". Old hand. Sixth generation Master demands an M who knows his place. No feds, feds, hippies. Box 117

DALLAS, S. Libra. 39. 5'11". 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Permanent slave has police and Marine Corps discipline experience. Box 252M

FORT WORTH, MS. Aquarius. 41. 6'2". 210. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Partner should be masculine, mature, affectionate, outdoor type. No feds, feds, feds, drugs. Box 059D

FORT WORTH, M. Leo. 50. 6'1". 150. White. Completely inexperienced. Wishes to be of use to and provide enjoyment for partner who will help him to realize his fantasies. No fat or indiscreet persons. Box 252D

*****HOUSTON, M.** Cancer. 42. 6'. 145. White. 7½". Knowledgeable. Draily oriented, really digs W/S, FF with partner who respects limits. Will submit to any painless scene and turn on to a Master into painless bondage. Age unimportant. Box 183F

HOUSTON, S. Libra. 29. 5'8". 155. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn needs and limits of slave from quiet, submissive partner willing to start slowly. Box 313

SAN ANTONIO, S. Virgo. 40. 6'2". 186. White. 8¼". Completely inexperienced. Wants to meet someone to help him teach his lover total obedience. No feds. Box 450

MISSISSIPPI

ALEXANDRIA, M. Leo. 25. 5'11". 170. White. 6½". Old hand. Needs to respect and totally serve very firm and gentle Master. Wants to wear permanent collar for right person. Can travel. Box 084

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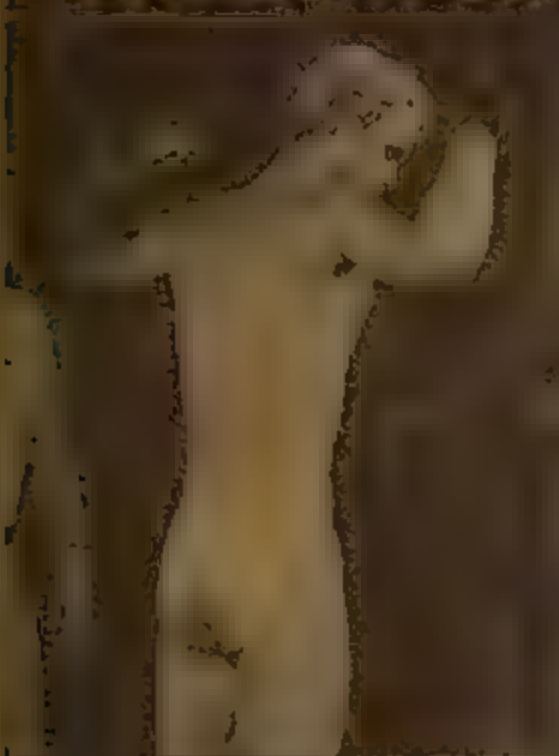
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*****ARLINGTON, S. Capricorn 30 6' 155 White. 8". Knowledgeable. True top man seeks honest, discreet, passive partner into definite pain tr p. Muscular, hairy if possible. Spends summers in W. Idwood. New Jersey. No feds, hard drugs. Box 047L.**

RICHMOND, S. Leo 52, 5'9", 172, White, 9". Old hand. Wants true lover of Levis, high boots, riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 400

WOODBIDGE, MS. Scorpio, 42 5'11" 180. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers M role, but will switch. Wants bondage and rough treatment by sadistic Master. No drugs, dirty scenes. Box 043

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE, MS. Cancer 25 5'11" 175 White, 6". Novice. Motorcycle guys, cowboys, cops. Gags. Not into heavy beating. Box 138

TACOMA, SM. Capricorn, 35, 6'7 1/2", 190 White. 7". Novice. Wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns new Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, feds. Box 185G

WISCONSIN

KENOSHA, MS. Libra. 36, 5'11 1/2", 175. White. 6". Novice. Eager to learn either role from clean, straight-acting person. No 40's or hard core S.M's. Box 161

WYOMING

LARAMIE, S. Gemini, 25, 5'10" 180 White 6 1/2". Novice. No role-switching. Muscular, dark preferred. Box 013X

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA S. Taurus 34 5'8" 154 White. 7". Knowledgeable. Digs breeches, boots, cycle police. Wants correspondence with breecher/leather guys. Box 062

CANADA

*****WEST VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA. SM. Warlock host offers vacation accommodation in totally dedicated S&M home to masculine male slaves, any race, and their Slaves. Box 011**

DOWNSVIEW, ONTARIO, SM. Capricorn, 25 5'8", 135. White, 7". Will do anything to or for a real motorcycle cop, MP, state trooper or cowboy type. White, clean, non-smoker preferred. No drugs. Box 285

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SM. Gemini 37 5'9 1/2" 170 White, 5". Novice. Muscular passive sought for beating. Box 190

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, MS. Cancer 47 5'9", 170, White, Old hand. Must like boots, leather and bondage. Young preferred, but not essential. Box 088A

OTTAWA, ONTARIO, SM. Aquarius, 40, 5'11", 175. White, 5 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers considerate, intelligent, bodybuilder type over 25. Box 024

*****OTTAWA, ONTARIO, MS. Aquarius, 27, 5'11" 165, White 6". Knowledgeable. Can offer barn scenes on farm to knowledgeable S to SO or small, goodlooking M. Personal cleanliness a must. No role-switching during scenes, no red heads. Box 070X**

OTTAWA, ONTARIO, S. Taurus, 40 6' 175. White 6". Imaginative, versatile master seeks masculine slave into bondage, lit work, etc. Must be intelligent. Box 071C

TORONTO ONTARIO MS. Capricorn, 23 5'7", 120. White 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074

TORONTO, ONTARIO, S. Leo 50 5'7", 142 White 7". Old hand wants docile M who can take strappings. Willing to train. Will respect limits. No feds or under 25. Box 080

TORONTO, ONTARIO, M. Leo 33 5'9", 150. White 7 1/2". Novice, seeks understanding farm or ranch type master. No feds or heavy drinkers. Box 052M

TORONTO, ONTARIO, MS. Pisces, 33 5'7", 130. White 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will service, please and obey butch stud in boots and smelly jeans. Bikers a plus. No feds, feds, blacks. Box 081Z

MONTREAL, QUEBEC M. Gemini 44 5'10" 200. White 6". Knowledgeable. Occasional relationships only. Box 063

ENGLAND

LONDON, M. Leo 29 5'11", 154 White. 7". Knowledgeable. Needs to be taught respect and beaten into passive ways. Box 060X

*****LONDON, S. Pisces, 36, 6'2", 179 White 9 1/2". Knowledgeable. Hunky Eurasian into FF, W/S, bondage seeks clean partner 24 to 30. Should be muscular, hairy. Tattoos a turn-on. Box 071B**

NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX, M. Leo, 33, 5'11", 164. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Often in U.S. Qualified houseman, butler, valet. Box 066

FRANCE

AMSTELVEEN M. Aquarius 41, 6', 165. White 5 1/2". Old hand. Travels in U.S., Canada, Europe. Box 275

LATE ARRIVALS

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO S. Leo, 34 6' 270 White 7". Novice. Willing to learn either role from versatile, white partner to 35. No scat. W/S, liars. Box 206W

CHICAGO SM. Aries 28 6'2" 165 White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Imaginative, adaptable dude into paddling, strapping and spanking with white partner up to 40. No feds, feds, heavy S&M. Box 385

MICHIGAN

MARQUETTE SM. Leo 26 6'1" 180 White 7". Completely inexperienced, imaginative, semi-muscular. Seeks muscular, understanding, versatile partner into leather, western, uniforms. Box 008

MISSISSIPPI

NEW YORK S. Pisces, 32 5'8" 145 White 6". Novice. Must be worshipped completely by imaginative M to SO. Will respect limits. Hairy a plus. No feds, Orientals. Box 086F

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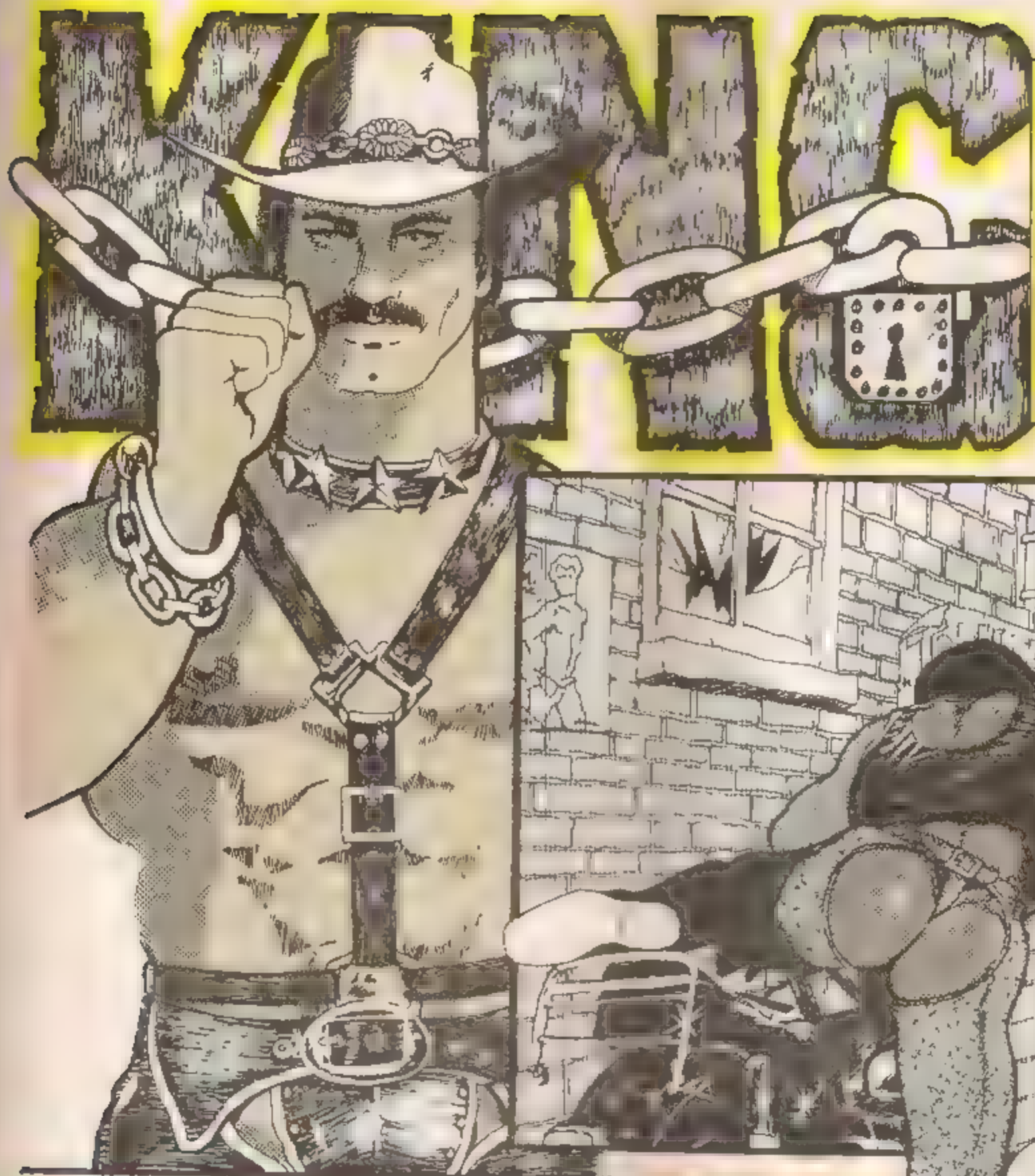
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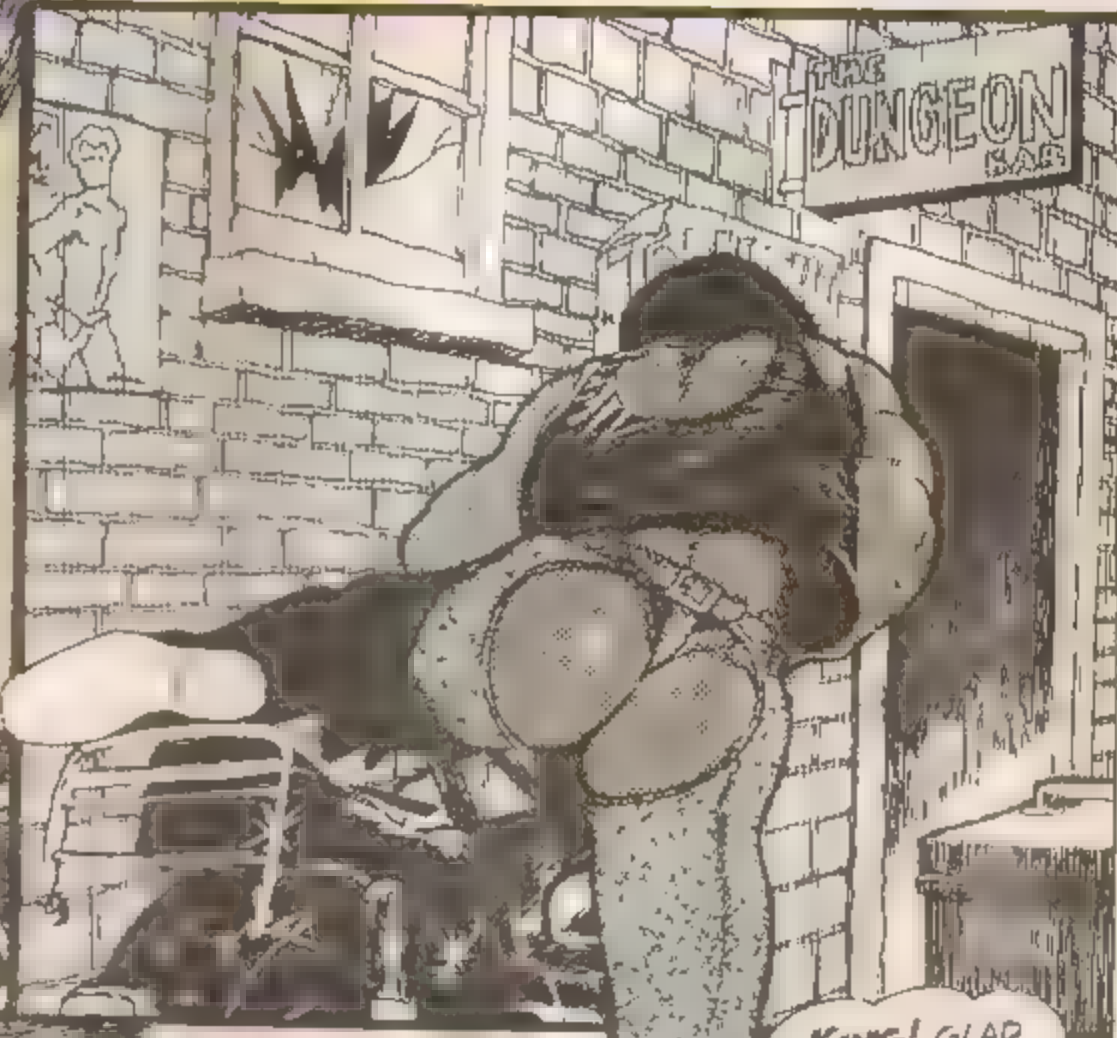
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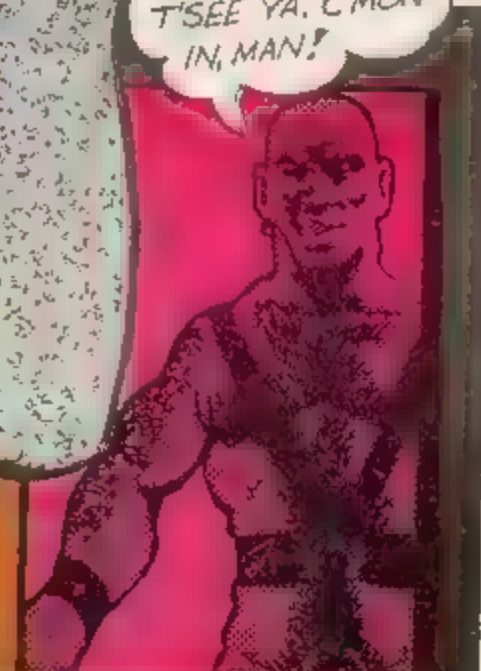
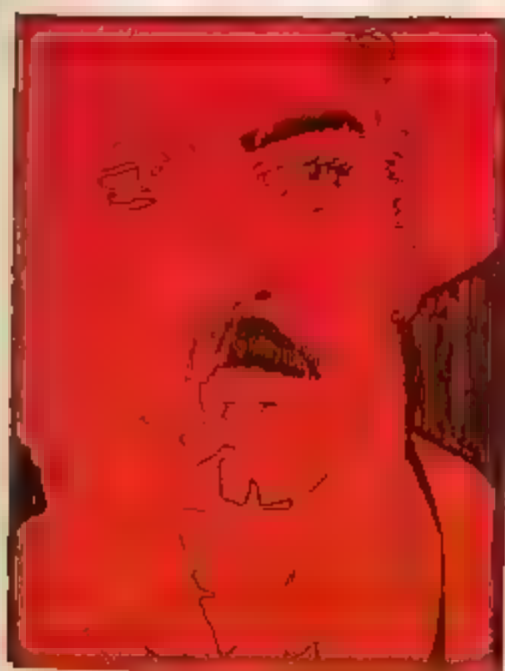
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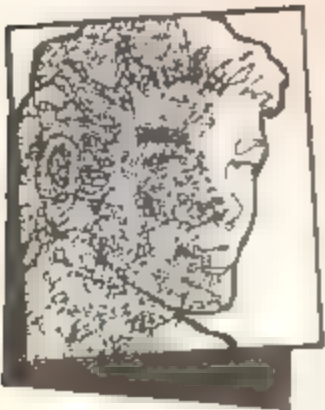


A FANTASY
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THINGS ARE
POSSIBLE



KING! GLAD
T'SEE YA. C'MON
IN, MAN!

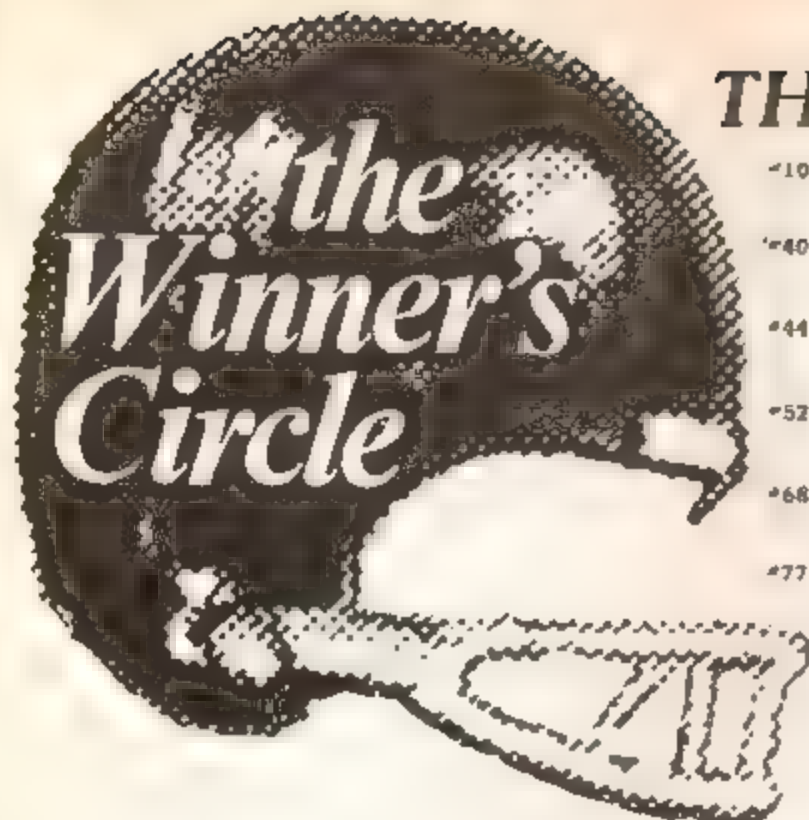






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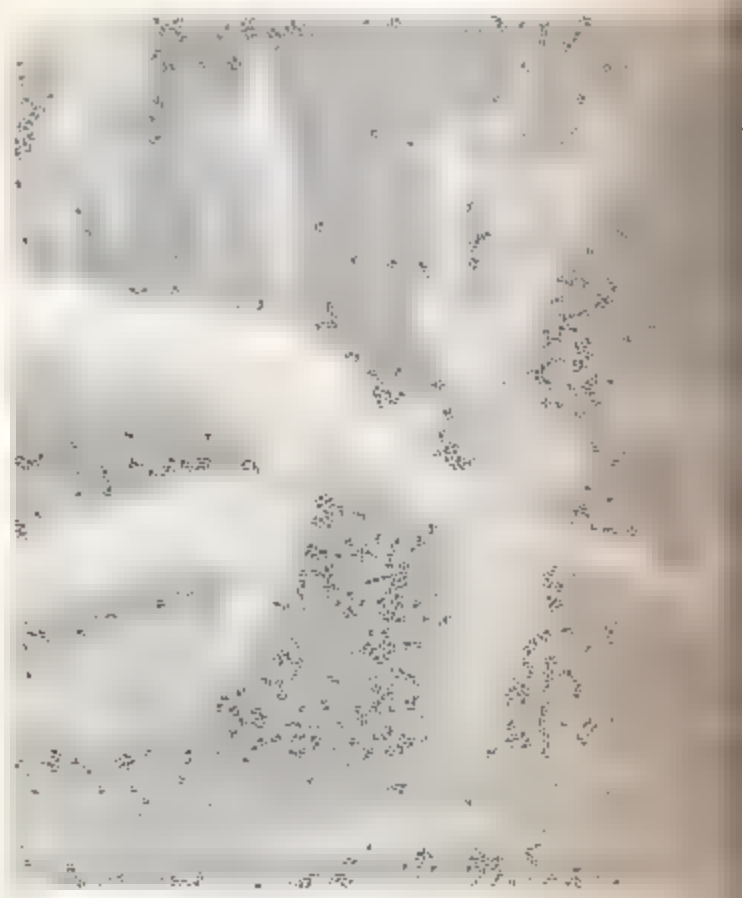


THE LINEUP

- #10 Glen Norris • Free Safety
6' 160 lbs. Provincetown, Mass.
- #40 Steve McCormick • Linebacker
6' 1" 174 lbs. Beckham, Montana
- #44 Jack Hardman • Flanker
6'2" 170 lbs. Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
- #52 Jim Latrd • Quarterback
6'4" 175 lbs. Montgomery, Alabama
- #68 Rod Fushman • Tight End
6'2" 172 lbs. Fort Bragg, California
- #77 Tom Kline • Center
6'1" 164 lbs. Newport Beach, California
- Dick Bateman • Head Coach
6'3" 170 lbs. Colorado Springs, Colorado
- Rick Logan • Asst. Coach
5' 10" 150 lbs. Dayton, Ohio

For as long as I can remember, I've always had a passion for football and a big admiration for the men who played the game. I don't know if I've grown to my full size yet, but at 20 years old, I'm not quite heavy enough to get on a team. Of course, this was a big disappointment for me. I've often dreamed of the day when I could play and use all my strength in football's hard fast physical contact. So it was only natural that I would do just about anything to be around the game. I studied every play and the players closely as they went through their strategic movements. I knew that football was a rough game and required strong physical development. To

keep my own body in top notch shape, I would work out with my home town team while I was their waterboy. This gave me a chance to learn even more about the sport and the guys on the team. I showed a lot of interest in each one's progress and they all liked me. It wasn't too long before I was asked to be the coach's assistant. I was happy as a pig in shit. Later I was chosen to go along to help Dick Bateman develop his college all-stars with practice sessions in California. I had to pinch myself to make sure that I wasn't still dreaming. Little did I know that this trip would bring me more excitement and happiness than I ever hoped for. When we all met in California for the first time, there were all kinds of good vibes. Everyone got along just great and everybody seemed to like





each other. Coach Bateman was determined to get down to business with practice. I admired him for his leadership and his concern for the members of the team.

Practice was tough. The weather was cold and wet and the field was a sea of mud. But the team worked hard. They really wanted to win and their unity and loyalty to one another grew daily. Spirits remained high through all the running, tackling, and exercises. As I grew closer to each of the guys, I began to watch them more intently during workouts. I found myself strangely excited as I watched my new friends clash their bodies together and develop their muscles during the rigorous exercises. I imagined the guys naked and noticed the erotic positions they would be in as they grappled together in the mud. After a few hours of practice, they'd be covered with the mud and soaking wet from both the water on the field and the sweat pouring from their strained bodies.

One cold rainy afternoon the locker room seemed pleasantly warm and inviting after a heavy workout. As the guys pulled off their gear, they talked about their need for some good hot sex. None had gotten their rocks off in days; what with daily practice and all, there just wasn't time. Then, too, the only people we knew in California were each other.

Continued on page 58

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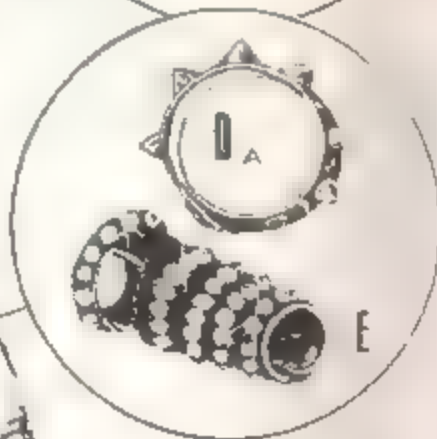
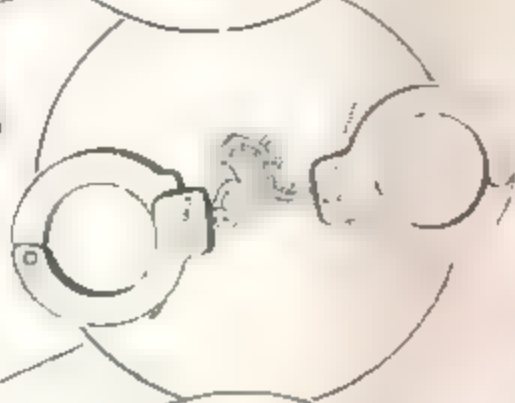
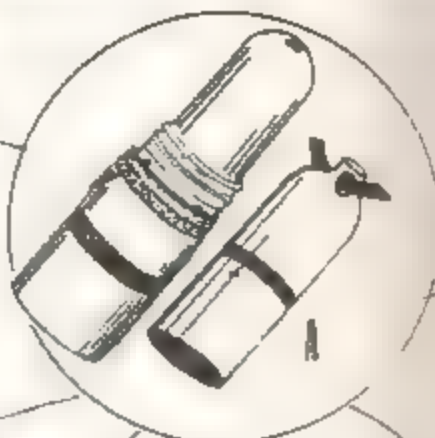
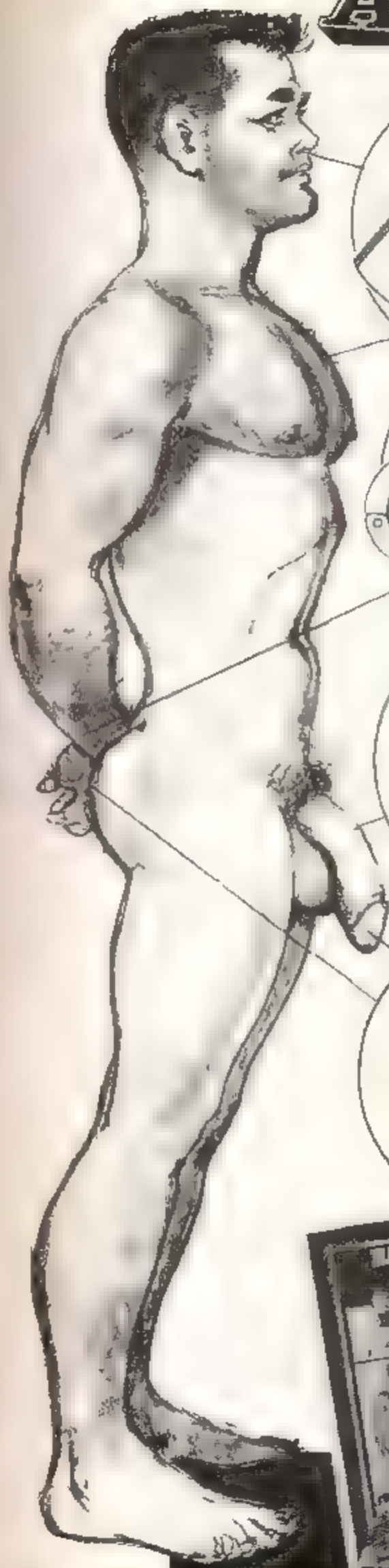
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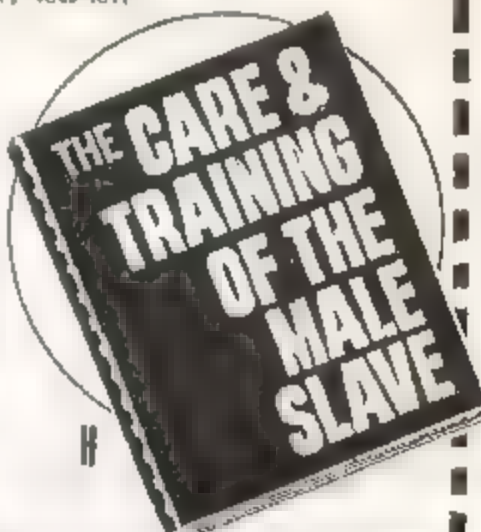
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U.S.M.C. vs U.S.N.

During the 50 s we all had bulging crotches talking about the tall handsome cocksure stud who made the hot and heavy (for those days) Sailor and Marine movie and later became that famous Hollywood cowboy star.

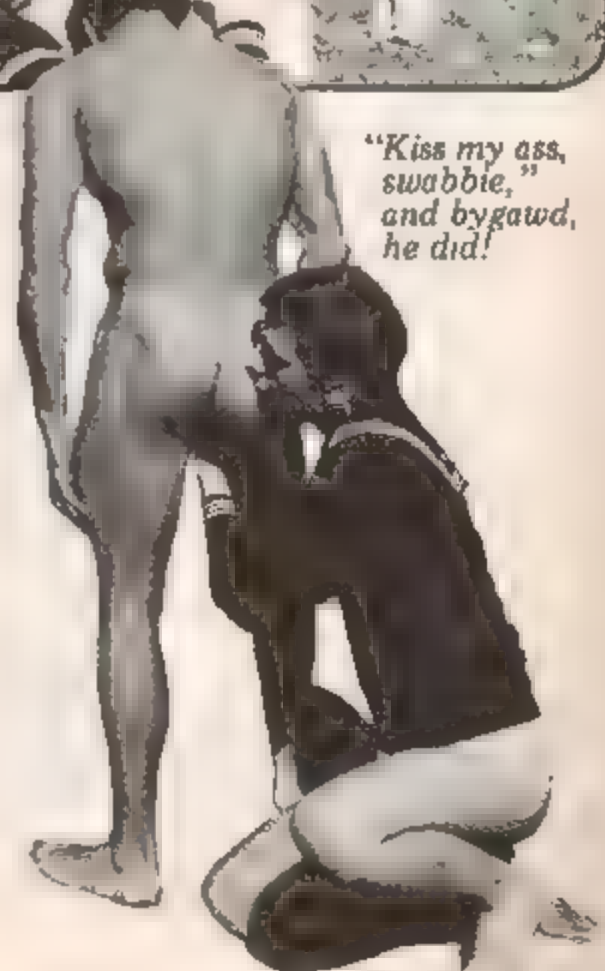
Falcon's look of "U.S.M.C. vs U.S.N." advances these military routines from the pre-star of the 50 s to the hot assed virile military stud of today.

Not much of a story, but what can you do with two hundred feet? The Marine is the aggressor of the two and that is about as far as the S&M gets. Two beautiful young bodies with better than average color and photography.

The unknown actors remind most of us of what our days in the service should have been . . . and of the military "Buddy System" that we were all a part of, and should have done something about.

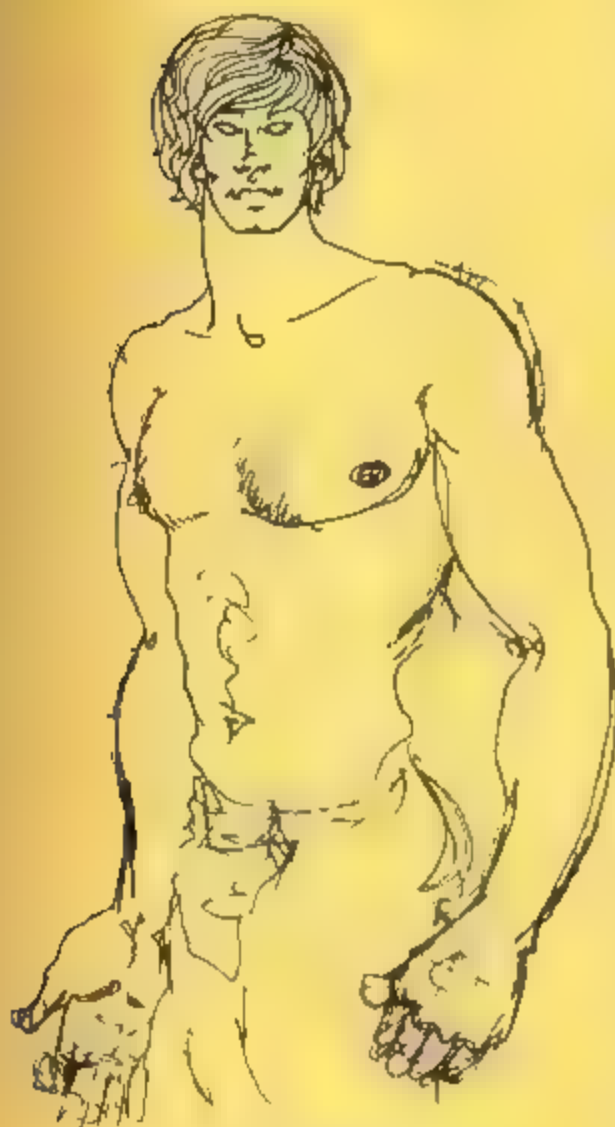


"Kiss my ass, swabbie," and bygawd, he did!



Photos by FALCON STUDIOS

PLAYROOM



spend an hour lookin' at dirty pictures. Anybody wanta piss again so's some of the others can drink it?"

No answer.

The only chair in the playroom was a ghastly square thing, put together of heavy steel with many holes punched in it, looking a little like a sturdy erector set. At the back of the chair's bottom a black plastic cock had been screwed onto the frame, and leather restraints were fastened to the holes at wrist and ankle positions.

There was a pile of eight-by-ten cartoon booklets on the floor. I brushed aside the plastic dingdong, picked up one of them and sat down. It happened to be done by a pudgy little fruit in Chicago whom we called 'Judy' because we snatched those syllables out of his last name which no one could pronounce, being a combination of Filipino and Chicano. No question about it: those drawings had a tremendous impact—but the cocks were all drawn ludicrously out of proportion, the legs were too short and the torsos too long, the hands and feet were bigger than they should be, and not masculinely

placed but put in ballet positions because he was interested in that.

Still, the book gave me a hard on, and I looked around considering which one I'd like to fuck—and decided on the guy in the cage. First, though.

I walked over to the tit chained one who stood straight as a flagpole, his nipples pulled out from his chest a little by the tautness of the chain.

I think you look like a good cock-sucker. I said "You got a deep throat?"

He nodded.

"Tell you what I'm gonna do," I said. "I'm gonna lengthen the chain on your tits a little so's you can kneel on the floor—and then you're gonna blow me."

Again he nodded. I unhooked the chain from the wall and slowly paid it out, and he sank to his knees. Then I unsnapped my codpiece and also unzipped the zipper in my backside (as a hustler, you never know what you'll be called on for—a little rimming maybe) and freed ole Betsy. She took a breath of air and unbent a little, having been bent double too long in my fragrant oversize pouch.

"Okay bub," I said, spreading my legs, fists on my hips. "Let's see you get it hard."

There's something about that first feel of a hot mouth on your cock I'll never get over. I held back a gasp and felt him take it all in, swallow it, gum it and chew it, felt his tongue harden and slip into the slit. He was a dandy, all right. I had no intention of coming in his mouth, but he sure got me hard. And wet. I grabbed him by the back of his head and really tucked his mouth. He wasn't sucking my cock, I was fucking his face.

Ole Betsy was hard as a brickbat, and I withdrew. "Okay, titty," I said. "Up you go." I pulled on the thin chain and he followed the pull on his tits back to his standing position.

"You mean you ain't gonna let me finish you?" he asked.

"Other plans," I said shortly. When he was back up, I turned to the flying fruit.

"Like what?" said titty-boy.

"Don't you wish you could watch?" I said, sarcastic. I positioned myself between the two hanging chains of the legs of the flyer, and took hold of my cock.

All of a sudden—I can't account for the feeling—as I gripped ole Betsy I had a kind of amyl vision or something like it, without ever having had anything to sniff. My cock, hard as steel, suddenly attracted me as I looked in the mirrored wall. I liked myself, the angle of my cap, the shiny black leather, the knee high boots, and I grabbed ole Betsy with

my full fist, pulling it outwards from my body. I felt its roots running back into my groin, slipping up and curling around my heart, sliding into the dark mystery of my lungs, fingering my liver and penetrating my kidneys. I was all connected to that nine inches. Its tendrils worked themselves everywhere, into the corpuscles, the arteries and veins. I felt my ass contract and I cupped my balls, my cock coiled into my toes and bent them downwards. I was my cock; it was me. In fact, I was ready to fuck.

I put one hand on the lower belly of the flying slave and pushed him gently away from me. On the return swing, I grabbed my cock and aimed it straight for his wide-spread asshole. It was almost a miracle that it went in on the first thrust. And once inside, I didn't let it out again. I felt the soft small cobblestones of his rectum pressing against my cock. Then with one hand against his lower belly, just above his pubic hair, I started him on a back-and-forth swing, a gentle one. It felt mighty good. And evidently for him, too, he arched his back and moaned. I kept it up for a few minutes, until I felt a tingle in all my body. But I didn't want to come in him. I had other ideas.

The asshole at the top of the cage drew me like a magnet; it glistened and almost breathed. I picked up a bottle of popper juice and a couple Kleenex and held them ready, reaching down to grab the hose of the gas mask and pull it up in easy reach. Then I aimed my cock at the opening, rubbed it up and down a few times against the puckered hot flesh, and slowly eased it in, knowing from the quivering of his ass that he was expecting me to slam it to him at any moment.

My whole body sang. It centered on that cock which had stretched its tingling throughout me. I entered him, the cockhead fitting smoothly and easily into the greased hole. And then, overcome with sensation, I laid my torso against the top of the cage, my fingers tightly clutching the steel ribs. I started pumping slowly, sideways, up and down, seeking out the unexplored regions. Ecstasy sparkled in my blood and quivered in all my pores. Then my right hand, feeling for a new grip on the steel cage, touched the end of the gas mask hose. I raised my body a little, never stopping the thrusting, and soaked the Kleenex in the amyl, clapping it loosely over the end of the gas mask hose.

And waited.

It took ten seconds. Suddenly the ass that was pressed against my loins started to buck—a fast furious bang-

ing against me and the steel cage. A long continuing muffled groan burst from the mask. The legs shook, the arms pushed upwards as much as the ropes tying them would allow, the whole body writhed and trembled, and the asshole frantically clamped and clutched my cock in spasms. Then the long groan broke into quick, short gasps. He'd had enough, I guessed, and I took the Kleenex from the end of the hose and put it to my own nose, inhaling deeply.

Then a few seconds later it was my turn. Wild fantasies sprang to life in my head, behind my tightly pressed lids—cops with tall boots, sailors with slick assholes squatting on my face, dirty socks gagging my mouth, cocks steaming and squirting—and suddenly from my toes, trembling in my groin, flooding my whole body with the sensation of the orgasm, I began to come—a half-dozen hard strokes, slapping against my ass, and I exploded in him, time after time, until I felt that my backbone had been drained of gism. His asshole was still straining against my cock, clamping and pinching it until it began to grow painful. I half withdrew and gasped, "Hey—stop it. That's it."

The clutching ceased, and I felt the sweat of his ass slippery against my groin.

"Whew!" I said, and pulled it clear out, wiping it on the Kleenex, which stuck all over my cock.

"O-hhh," he gasped, gulping and swallowing. "I guess I been fucked."

"Me, too, I thought but said nothing. Temporarily pooped, I sat down in the steel chair and looked around. A feeling of power came over me—the titty-boy, the flying slave, the guy of the Barclay bench with the steady pump-pump of the Accu-Jac, the one in the steel cage—I could do whatever I wanted to with them. And blindfolded as they were, who could tell what fantasies were at work in the grey valleys of their brains? How did they see me? Bigger and better, perhaps, than I actually was. I looked idly at the boy on the bench and then got up and walked to him, pressing the denim jacket against his back. He howled in agony.

"How's it goin', boy?" I asked.

He sobbed a couple of times. "Oh, p-please, M-Master—don't do that again. I can't stand it."

"How many times you come with the Accu-Jac, boy?" I said.

"T-twice," he sobbed.

"Time to sterilize you," said "Don't want you gettin' infected with all those tacks." I looked around, saw a bottle of rubbing alcohol. Then I lifted the jacket off his back. The skin

was covered with a thousand dots of blood.

"My, my," I said. "Gotta do something about that." I uncapped the bottle and sloshed a handful on his back, rubbing it vigorously over his skin.

If he had howled before, you should have heard him scream this time. It was a good thing the play room was soundproof.

There, there, I said, slapping him hard on the rump. "It'll soon stop hurtin'."

He was reduced to a kind of erratic weeping. I left him whimpering and went back to the chair. I picked up another comic book by Judy and started reading through it.

Then from the other room came a shout.

"Hey, man—I gotta take a crap!"

Sighing, I got up from the chair, took the keys off the hook and went back into the cold part of the basement, jingling them in my hand. "If I let you loose, will you promise to be a good slave?"

"Y-yes, Master."

I unlocked all six padlocks, beginning with the thighs and saving the arms until last. Then I stepped back, picked up a heavy iron bar that was nearby, and hefted it in my hand.

"No tricks, now," I growled.

"N-no, Master," he said. "Can I take the blindfold off?"

"Yeah—just while you're shitting."

He unwrapped it. The pressure of it had flattened his nose, but he was a good-looking stud otherwise: black curly hair, good planes in his face, wide shoulders.

I slapped the iron rod against my palm. "Any tricks and you get this on the neck," I said, looking fierce.

"Okay," he said, and headed through the warmer room to the toilet, which was down another two steps through a second door. I watched him carefully as he pulled down his leathers and sat on the seat. It was a quiet shit. Then he got up and struggled with his leather pants as he pulled them up.

He came back into the room and looked around. "Hell," he said. "there's a fine passel of slaves here tonight."

"Get on back to your place," I growled. "I gotta blindfold you again before I lock you up."

Just at that moment the boy on the Barclay's bench, hooked onto the Accu-Jac, started to come again, his breathing shorter and heavier, his body trembling, and his face turned sidewise with the squared-off fish mouth that showed me he was having an orgasm. I stooped to watch his

cum flow into the sheath.

And that was my mistake. There was a heavy crunching blow on the side of my neck, a shower of stars, and that was all I remembered.

• • •

When I came to, I was sitting in that steel chair, ankles tied to the legs of it. My wrists and arms were tied down. My tits were sore, as if they'd been sandpapered, which they probably had. There was a strange full feeling in my asshole, and the Accu-Jac had been transferred to my cock. It was steadily pumping away on ole Betsy, the bastard had used a size too small and not enough grease. It was already starting to burn.

Standing in front of me was Duke, an evil and satisfied grin on his face. "Well, ole buddy Phil, how's it feel to have the tables turned?"

There was no use struggling. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "You son-of-a-bitch."

He laughed. "And who'd think you had a zipper up your ass?" he asked. "A real hustler, huh?"

My leather jacket was unzipped and my black tee shirt pulled up. Duke held a small brown bottle in his hand. He unscrewed it; it had a dauber on the end of the wire.

"What the hell's that?" I asked.

"A lil something for your titties," he grinned. "It's called 'Heet'."

"You are a son-of-a-bitch."

He laughed again. Then he came close, pulled my tee shirt up above my nipples, and with a swift movement dabbed the fiery liquid on both tits. He used so much it ran down to my belt line.

The sensation was the worst I'd ever had—like cigarettes pressed against my nipples, like fire running down my belly. He stuck the dauber back in the bottle, got some more on it, and did it again. It was all I could do to keep from yelling, and he saw by my expression that I wasn't feeling any too good.

Finally I managed to speak. "Y-you gonna let the others go?" I choked.

"What's the use?" he said. "They're enjoying it. I just wish I could be here when him and Ike come back and see their high-class babysitter with his ass plugged with a plastic cock and an Accu-Jac on his cock." He threw his cigarette on the floor and ground it out with his boot. "So long, sucker," he said.

Then he was gone. The four were left grinning from ear to ear. And I was left there unable to move, with the steady pump-pump of the Accu-Jac at work on me (migod—three hours!), my burning tits, and a Chopin nocturne in my ears.

© 1976 by Phil Andros



RICHARD
McGOUGAN
as 'Victor'
in the
Scorpio Rising
Theatre
production of
"ISOMER"
in Los Angeles.

Photo by
J & R Studios

Tanner: You can't be serious . . .
Victor: Oh, but I am . . . now let me see, if MY bartender's instinct is correct I would guess it is vodka. Right?
Tanner: Victor, I won't do it.
Victor: Then I'll leave
Tanner: You're asking too much . . . you don't understand what you're asking me to do.
Victor: I'm asking you to have one drink with me
Tanner: There is no such thing as one drink . . .
Victor: For an alcoholic
Tanner: Yes . . . for an alcoholic
Victor: That's just too bad . . . drink
Tanner: I can't believe you are serious!
Victor: Drink for me, Tanner
Tanner: For you . . .
Victor: Drink for me, or I'll leave . . . And never come back.
Tanner: Don't do this to me
Victor: Just one little drink
Tanner: It will lead to another . . .
Victor: Come on, Tanner . . . here's your vodka . . . can't you just taste it . . . mmmm, good . . . take your drink, Tanner . . .
Tanner: Please
Victor: You're doing it for me, Tanner . . .
Tanner: Don't ask me to
Victor: I'm telling you . . .
Tanner: Oh, God . . .
Victor: I'm going to leave . . .
Tanner: All right! What the hell . . . to us

[He drinks the vodka down]

Victor: Now, that's better
Tanner: Oh, Jesus God! Why did you make me do that?
Victor: I made you do nothing
Tanner: Another?

[Pouring Victor and himself another drink]

Victor: No, thanks . . . I don't drink much myself . . . Makes me sick if I do. But dope, man that's different. Say, you wouldn't have any would you?
Tanner: The all-American dope smoking dope . . . That's you, Victor . . . Now me. I drink . . . That is, I did drink and now, after a short, rather painful hiatus, I will resume drinking . . . You see, I have a problem drinking. That is I have a problem drinking and doing anything else but drinking, it having somewhat of an anesthetic effect on my poor soggy system. A system which, God knows, functions poorly enough when dry, but when wet with God's golden tonic

becomes a puggy, pathetic, piss-smelling
Victor: Tell me, what do you do besides slugging down God's golden tonic? You must do something . . . when you are not drinking
Tanner: Victor, do you think you can afford the rent?
Victor: No . . . I would say . . . and you understand this is just a guess . . . I would say you are, or would like to be, in the arts.
Tanner: I think we should discuss the rent.
Victor: I would say . . . a poet. Is that it?
Tanner: It's a touchy matter, but one worth discussion. I pay two hundred plus gas and electric and telephone. That brings the total to approximately two hundred and twenty-five dollars
Victor: You've got that look of poetic desperation. That look of pain.
Tanner: Your share of that sum would be one hundred twelve dollars and fifty cents.
Victor: Are you in pain? Do you suffer in that poetic way? That exceptional torment felt only by the poets of the world?
Tanner: Can you afford that sum?
[A pause while the two men stare at each other]
Can you afford that, Victor? I mean do YOU work? Do you do something other than smoke dope? Can you afford to pay the rent?
[A long pause]
Victor: Are you a failure, Tanner? Are you a poetic failure?
[A pause]
Tanner: I write plays
Victor: A playwright! I'm impressed.
Tanner: You should be . . . I'm a very fine playwright
Victor: Oh yah, what have you written?
Tanner: Nothing you would have seen
Victor: That's what I thought.
Tanner: You'll forgive me, but you are not exactly a theatre-going type
Victor: You might be surprised. What have you written?
Tanner: Well . . . there is a play you might have seen . . . It was produced in Provincetown, Massachusetts a few seasons back
Victor: A few seasons? Two? Three? Four?
Tanner: A few seasons. It was called Isomer . . . I.S.O.M.E.R . . . It means
Victor: I know what it means. A chemistry term, right? Something about one element reacting differently with uh . . . other elements.
Tanner: Well, not exactly, but I suppose that's close enough [Pause] You've seen it?
Victor: I don't know
Tanner: It was very successful
Victor: In Provincetown?
Tanner: Yes, in Provincetown. That counts, you know . . . Many fine playwrights were first produced in P'Town . . . O'Neill for one
Victor: Who for two?
Tanner: Look, Provincetown was a very special place for me
Victor: I bet it was
Tanner: I could work there.
Victor: No drinking uh? No other temptations? Just a cloistered playwright by the sea?
Tanner: I could write by the sea. Oh Jesus, the record went off . . .
Victor: Some time ago. What the hell was it?
Tanner: The ocean
Victor: Sounded like a flock of pigeons beatin' off to me
Tanner: It brings back memories . . . it should for you too
Victor: It was driving me crazy.
Tanner: Victor, you're a hard core prick
[He turns record on again]

Victor: Well at least it's hard. That's part of my charm, don't you think?

Tanner: That sound does nothing for you?

Victor: It's giving me a headache. Shut it off.

Tanner: What's the matter, sweetheart? Is it stirring up something in your empty head? Are those few remaining fragments of brain tissue jangling your insides?

Victor: Shut it off.

[Pause]

That's an order.

Tanner: You fuck.

[He turns off the record]

I tried to do something decent.

Victor [Mocking]: Awwwwwwwwww

Tanner: It brings back memories.

Victor: I don't want memories. I'm sorry Tanner, but I don't like nostalgia. It's a pain in the ass.

Tanner: But Provincetown.

Victor: A seaside resort for fading faggots.

Tanner: I wish I were there now.

Victor: Tanner.

Tanner: There was a spot on the beach . . . a kind of isolated place on the point—you had to walk to get there—over the dunes.

Victor: . . . where the fog was.

Tanner: Yes, the fog. The beautiful lonely fog.

Victor: With the ocean on all three sides.

There was this man, a man who would often sit at the very edge of the point. He wore a paisley skintight bathing suit all green and brown and purple . . .

Tanner: Yes. . .

Victor: And I would say he had leprosy of the crotch.

Tanner [Laughing]: Yes.

Victor: And I would shout "leper, leper."

Victor and Tanner: Unclean! Unclean!

Tanner: I was happy then. Victor: I was writing every day. Did you know that? Every day . . . by the ocean was so life-giving. In the morning . . . remember the mornings? . . . so cold . . . so wonderfully cold . . . standing on that pier . . . the big one off Commercial Street . . . with the ocean roaring in.

Victor: Tanner.

Tanner: The morning air . . . it was all the fuel I needed. The morning air and the ocean . . . and I would write . . . every day . . . in my red notebook . . . I would write until after noon . . . sometimes until evening . . . and I needed nothing but the ocean and the morning to keep me going.

Victor: Tanner. Tanner.

Tanner: What? Oh Victor. I'm sorry. . . I didn't mean to.

Victor: You're a very selfish man. Tanner.

Tanner: Victor, please. I.

Victor: It won't work. Tanner.

Tanner: I got carried away. With the sound of the ocean and the talk. . .

Victor: The ocean was all you needed? Tanner: was the ocean a good fuck?

Tanner: Please Vicky. . . I didn't mean to.

Victor: No. I'm not playing the game any longer.

Tanner: . . . we were talking . . . the ocean . . . the fog.

Victor: It was all the fuel you needed.

Tanner: I mean in the beginning . . . it was so long ago.

Victor: How long ago Tanner? How long ago was the beginning?

Tanner: I don't know. A long time ago. I'm not sure. When I was lonely . . . the fog . . . in the beginning . . . when I was alone and needed comfort.

Victor: There were other means of comfort.

Tanner: Yes, of course.

Victor: Other pleasures.

Tanner: Yes, I know.

Victor: Pleasures which go beyond.

Tanner: Oh God.

Victor: Isn't that why I'm here?

Tanner: Yes.

Victor: Tanner, how long can we go on like this?

Tanner: Vicky, I'm sorry.

Victor: Will you stop saying that. I won't play along. How long has it been this time? Six months. And the last time, eight and before that a year. Don't you see what's happening? We're playing the game more frequently.

Tanner: Vicky, I need you.

Victor: For what? Am I your fuel? Is that all I am to you? A source of energy? Jesus Christ! How about me? What do I need? Do you ever really think of me? Do you ever think of anyone but yourself and that Goddamn idiotic dream of being a writer? I have needs too. I need comfort, Tanner.

Tanner: You've got me, Victor.

Victor: A washed up has been faggot! What good does it do me?

Tanner: . . . don't know. . . but you need me.

Victor: Bullshit!

Tanner: You need me Vicky, or you wouldn't have stayed as long.

Victor: You pay the bills, you wash the clothes, make the bed. Why shouldn't I stay.

Tanner: It's been three years.

Victor: Fuck you.

Tanner: Three years, Vicky.

Victor: You're a monster.

Tanner: We're both monsters, Vicky.

Victor: I will not be part of this any longer. I am not a monster. Tanner, I want to love.

Tanner: You are incapable of love, Vicky. . . we're both unable to love. . . we're outcasts.

Victor: No.

Tanner: Why is that so difficult to accept? You're just as sick and fucked up as me.

Victor: No!

Tanner: Yes! Sure we play games, but we need it. We both need it. We comfort each other.

Victor: But there should be another way.

Tanner: Maybe . . . someday . . . but for now we haven't got the guts for it. So try to settle for . . . comfort.

Victor: No.

Tanner: Yah.

[A long pause]

Mr. Spearling.

Victor: Oh God.

Tanner: Mr. Spearling. Sir.

Victor: Jesus.

Tanner: Mr. Spearling. . . we been bad.

Victor: God help me.

Tanner: I have to be punished.

Victor: After a long pause . . . trying not to speak but finally . . .] Box.

Tanner: Excuse Sir, I'm begging you . . . please . . . I need to be punished. . . I'll do anything you say.

Victor: Anything?

Tanner: Anything.

Victor: Don't shout.

Tanner: I'm sorry.

Victor: You're sorry what?

Tanner: I'm sorry Sir.

Victor: Get on your knees.

[Tanner kneels]

Victor: You're sorry what?

Tanner: I'm sorry, Sir.

Victor: Tanner.

Tanner: Yes.

Victor [A long pause]: I love you. [Victor is twisting Tanner's arm behind his back as:]

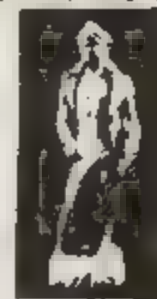
The curtain falls

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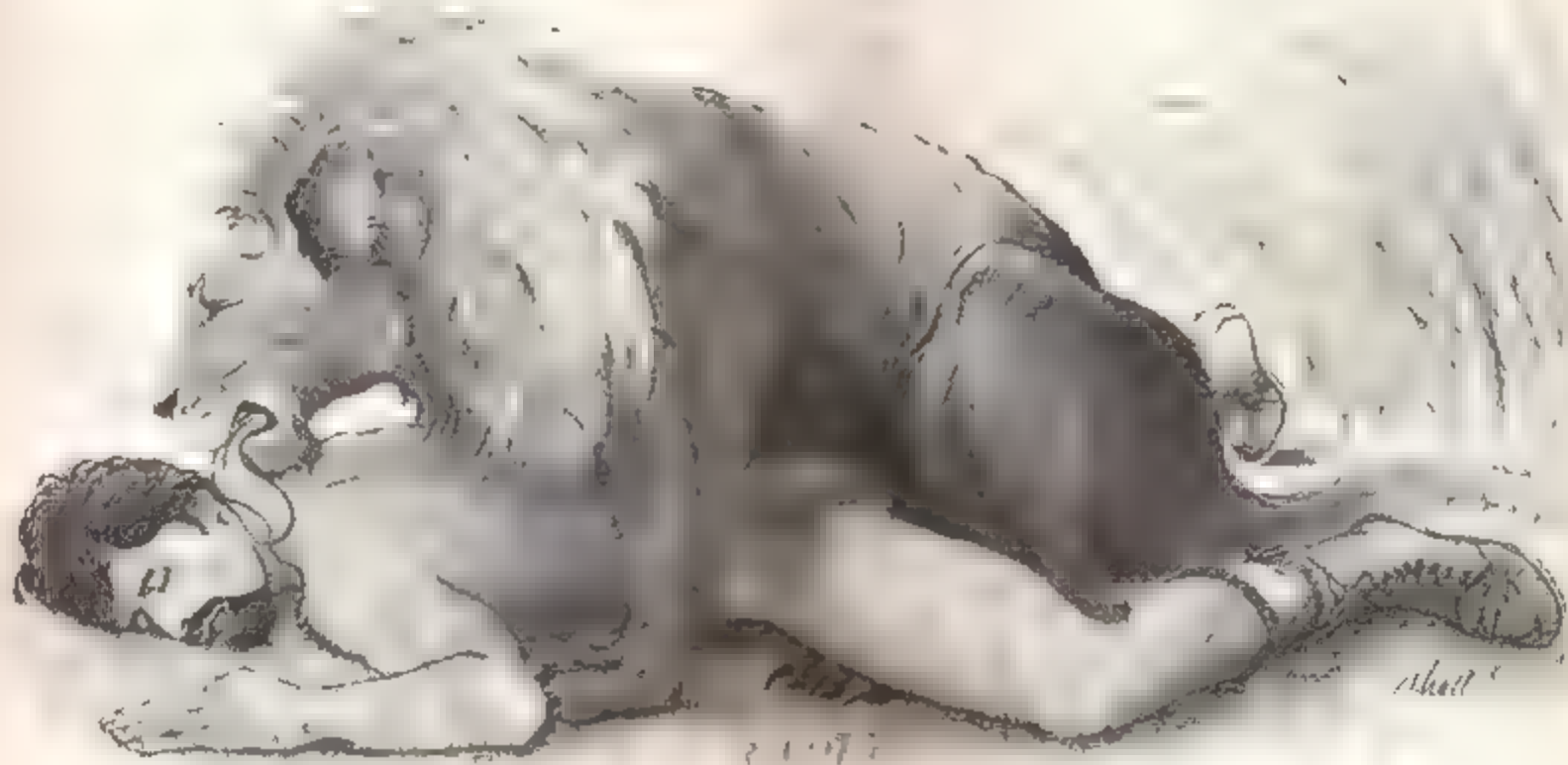


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DRUMMER ON STAGE



With "Boy Meets Boy," the present stage-offering at the Las Palmas Theatre, the gay musical comedy finally comes of age. No more those tacky and tawdry SPREE efforts (didn't ya love 'em anyway?); this dazzlingly intimate romp is a feast for eyes and ears with a pace so brisk the audience is literally held captive (that's as S&M as it gets), reluctant to miss a single funny line, clever lyric or delightful piece of stage business.

Brilliantly directed by Ron Troutman, "Boy Meets Boy" comes to Los Angeles direct from its New York run with all leading players intact. Set in the throbbing Thirties, it tells a Cinderella saga with a gay-British-high-society-French twist.

Our story opens on the morning after the night before, at the London Savoy, Room 203. Here we discover handsome, top-flight news reporter, Casey O'Brien, played with conviction by straightman (in this case, that's a theatrical term) Joe Barrett. Mr. Barrett provides a well-established springboard from which his fellow thespians, a handful of dizzy characters, deftly take off. After an all-night bash, Casey is awakened by his sidekick, Andrew, portrayed with piss-elegant style and exaggerated postulations by Paul Ratkevich, to learn that he slept through the now-legendary abdication of the Duke of Windsor for the love of Wallis Simpson. Casey, a classic diehard, tries

to save his job and reputation by scooping the only other big romance highlighting the London social season—the forthcoming marriage of wealthy Bostonian highbrow, Clarence Cutler, to impoverished but aristocratic Englishman, Guy Rose.

A really-tied-one-on body is discovered under Casey's bed and turns out to be a frumpy, introverted little man with no money and no place to go. In actual fact, it is Guy Rose (well-acted with a real Chaplinesque sensitivity by David Gallegly) who, hungry and alone, wandered into the O'Brien party, imbibed and passed out. Reluctant to reveal his true identity, marry Clarence, or be evicted from Casey's hotel room, he tells Casey that he is a close friend of Guy Rose. Casey permits him to stay while he goes off to cover the wedding ceremonies of Clarence and Guy. Needless to say, Guy is a no-show to the horror of cross-eyed Clarence, villainously played by Raymond Wood and with a sense of comedic timing which borders on genius.

The plot thickens! Clarence decides to get even with Guy and develops a crush on Casey. Casey, disliked for his reporting success, is misled by his news competitors into believing that the elusive Guy Rose is a stunning Adonis. Casey falls immediately in love and makes it his mission in life to track down the English Rose, land the scoop

of his career and a possible love-partner to boot. (Sorry, no S&M implication intended.) Down and out, Guy finally gets fed by leading gullible Casey on a wild-goose chase, making the rounds of the "in" night spots in a vain search for the gorgeous Guy Rose. Later, back in room 203, he bemoans his unrequited love for Casey, his own unattractiveness, and Casey's love for a fictitious Guy Rose. A bellboy delivers a freshly pressed tuxedo of Casey's, providing Guy with the proper togs for his pre-arranged meeting with Casey at an exclusive night club. The clothes make little difference. Unlike Cinderella, Guy needs much more help. He expresses, in song, his belief that he can be beautiful and presto! He is! (Doesn't it kinda choke ya up?)

Casey and Guy meet, fall madly in love and plan to elope, secretly leaving London by train. Neither has anticipated the dastardly Clarence Cutler (Boo! Hiss!), who turns the whole plot to his advantage by convincing Guy to break it off with Casey rather than stand in the way of the reporter's career. Guy leaves London for Paris where he joins his sympathetic aunt, Josephine La Rose, a phony French chanteuse who runs her own cabaret. Josephine, played by Monica Grignon, is the show's only female lead and fails to take advantage of her position with an incidental performance.

Through a series of riotous episodes,



too numerous for detail but including a memorably funny male strip number with a full nude (backside only), we arrive at the moment, backstage, when Guy is about to go on and give his all, replacing the featured nude. Casey, feigning indifference, shows up to do a very clinical interview. Clarence, with a sudden twinge of conscience, sets everything right and the inevitable happy-ending-marriage, with some surprises thrown in, winds up the thoroughly enjoyable evening.

What can I say? "Boy Meets Boy" is fine and near-flawless entertainment. The sensational music and witty lyrics by Bill Solly are the product of a musical comedy master in full touch with his craft. The book by Mr. Solly and Donald Ward is bright, bouncy and loaded with enough absurd ammunition to keep a smile on your face for weeks. The sparkling and talented cast boasts a chorus of singers and dancers who double effectively in the smaller parts. Especially noteworthy, I thought, were Lloyd Sudduth as Bruce, a dense, hired escort for Clarence, and Richard King as the mercenary assistant hotel manager. The scenery and lighting design by Terrell Rodefer give the production an Art Deco class and flexibility with an economy of design perfectly suited to the intimacy of the production. Clever vocal arrangements and musical direction by David Friedman effectively recreate the mood of the Thirties, and costumes designed by

Sherry Buchs and Sherman-Craig Brooks complete the illusion with nostalgic finesse right down to the accessories, patent leather haircuts and finger wave bobs. Music and dance arrangements by James Fradrich are guaranteed to keep you bouncing to those old, familiar rhythms (Don't hand me that line that all of this was before your time—you remember!) My Borsalino is off to choreographer Robin Reseen: he has staged some of the most inventive dance numbers I have seen in years, remaining within the period and, at the same time, avoiding the undeniable temptation to over-choreograph and destroy the intimacy he has so ingeniously maintained.

Producer Edith O'Hara and co-producers Christopher Hersey and Richard Smart opened their smash musical on February 14 last year at the 13th Street Theatre in New York, moving to the Actors' Playhouse that September and to Los Angeles this January. An original cast recording of the show is anticipated for release the end of March on their own J.O. label. A future production is to open in Washington in April and another, as yet unscheduled, in San Francisco. If the tumultuous responses of the theatre-going crowd continue to greet "Boy Meets Boy" so enthusiastically, it just may become L.A.'s newest landmark. See it!

—RUSS MALLOY

Joe Barrett (left) and David Gallegly (right) are leads.

"It's a Dolly" production number from "BOY MEETS BOY" (opposite)

BOY MEETS BOY

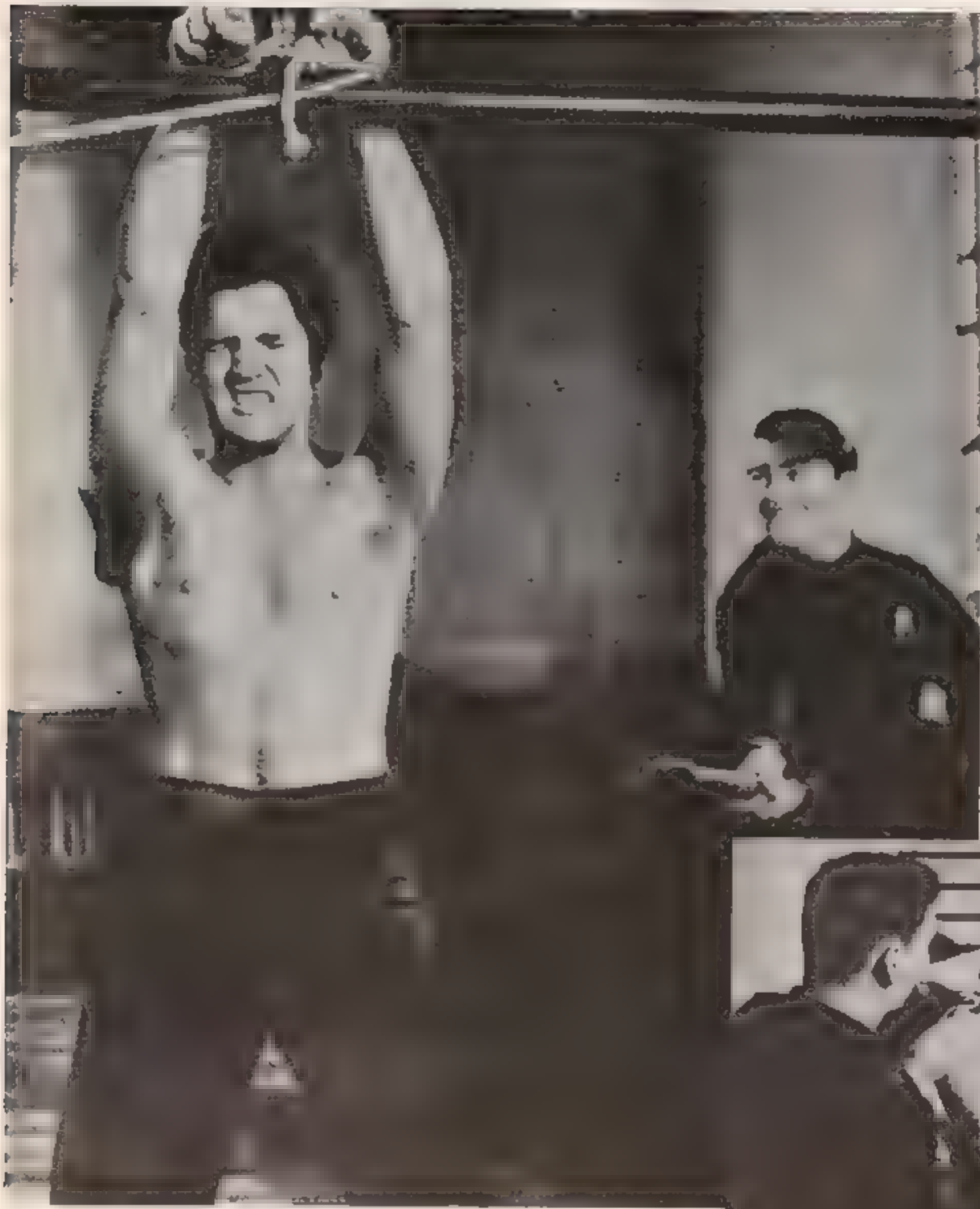
THE GAY MUSICAL COMES OF AGE...

"Fine and near-flawless entertainment," says Drummer's RUSS MALLOY.

Photos by PAT ROCCO

MORE MOVIE MAYHEM!

Cowboys, Indians, and some heroes who don't come out on top.



ELVIS PRESLEY made female (and male) hearts flutter when, stripped to the waist, he was tied and flogged in 'Jailhouse Rock'. This picture was sent to us by a DRUMMER reader. Movie Mayhem fan. The pic at right we have been saving for just such an occasion. ELVIS was being measured during his celebrated drafting. We assume that the hockey S's of Fans fluttered also at this one.

(Opposite page) DENNIS WEAVER is tied to the wheel by Indians, prior to his McCoad TV series. Like he would have had to be Taos, New Mexico. The photograph was mislabeled and sent to us by a reader.



THE WINNER'S CIRCLE

-Continued from page 45

As I watched the muscular naked bodies and smelled the sweat from the uniforms, socks and jockstraps, I felt myself getting a 'hard-on'. I wanted to stop it but I just couldn't. They kept talking about how horny they were and as they stripped off their dirty uniforms, I saw several of the guys were semi-hard.

We hit the showers. With the warm water streaming over our aching bodies, we talked about the upcoming game. Somehow I felt that after this session in the locker-room, the game had already been played!

WE WERE ALL WINNERS.

"THE WINNER'S CIRCLE" is a film in four parts from Brentwood Studios. It is in 8 MM Color and is available to sports fans over 21 only. Brentwood's address appears elsewhere in this issue of DRUMMER.

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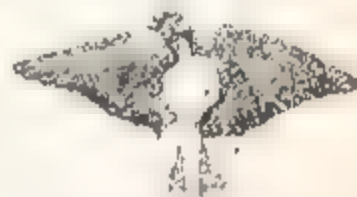
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BAR SCENE



D.C. EAGLE



I come from Hollywood where there seems to be an unwritten code. I can't define it exactly; it's just there. Take my word for it. You sense it when you walk down the street. Even if the guy approaching you doesn't check out your dick, there's a look that says "Yeah, we can make it."

There's none of that in Washington. I'd look at the men and they were all so fucking businesslike and wingtipped (all at least size 12, and black) about their appearance, I was sure they never even thought about letting a guy suck their cocks. But I started fantasizing about all these grey flannel numbers and realized what a fucking turn-on it was not to see everything about them in detail—to be able to imagine, out of necessity, what their bodies looked like. Through all the paleness, I knew that there had to be a dark side to some of these Nixon aide types. So I called some friends in Philadelphia, and they said "The Eagle, man; go to the D.C. Eagle."

I took their advice. I went to 904 9th Street N.W., and there they were, some of the hottest men I've ever seen. (This article is about the D.C. Eagle, but it's difficult to stick to the subject and not the objects in the subject that make it a topic. Got that?) Anyhow, the bar is a maze of rooms offering almost any style of distraction you could want. It has a reputation as the largest leather bar in the world and, after wandering for a while, that claim is

hard to dispute. The dining room, after a great meal has been served there, becomes a projection room for films and slides of Colt/Target types. It's a dark room and is presided over by a huge eagle made of nails.

After a few drinks and a lot of visual stimulation, it's time to get down to the main attraction. And when I say "get down," I mean you gotta get down for the next trip. The leather room at the Eagle is fronted by a doorman whose duty it is to make sure that you're in either leather or western gear. Since this was my first glimpse of leather-levi-hairy-keys-on-the-left sex in Washington, I could have stayed right there—but past the doorman is a black room with low lights, low music and a low attitude. The room is full of heavy beams, posters from all the leather bars around the world, and all those no-nonsense D.C. men. That clean-cut, daytime image gives way to rough-looking leather at night. The bar is packed, so it's almost impossible not to get down to cruising right away. And then the fun starts. Whether you'd call this a good beginning for a great day's ending or a good day's ending for a great night's beginning, the D.C. Eagle is the place to go in Washington. The people are hot, the drinks are good, the food is great. There's even room downstairs for club meetings. And if you mention DRUMMER to Bill, the manager, he'll make sure you get the red carpet treatment.

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IN PASSING

"In Passing" is generally our Payneful Publisher's space, but there are a few things I want to get off my chest (if you could only see my chest, you'd wonder what's left to get off!), so I threw a giant tantrum and won.

With a publication which has become more exciting by the issue, this is the most exciting issue to date. We've increased the number of pages... AGAIN! We've upped our press run... AGAIN! DRUMMER is, without a doubt, a winner.

Certainly, no small part of its success is due to such material as what you'll find here in Issue #5.

We're extremely pleased and proud to highlight "Babysitter," a just-for-DRUMMER short story by Phil Andros, probably one of the finest writers of gay fiction wielding a typewriter today. The frosting on that cake are some just-for-"Babysitter" illustrations by S&M artist extraordinaire, Chuck Arnett.

Also seeing print for the first time is "Isomer," an original one-act S&M play which had its recent world premiere in Los Angeles. As Reviewer-Editor-Proof-reader-General-Amanuensis, I've been over the play nearly a dozen times and still find it chilling. You will, too.

And, of course, we have our usual fine features: the hottest installment yet of "Five in the Trainer's Room" a Jack Wrangler centerfold that will turn you on and on and on... our monthly fetish reviews... cartoons... all things near and dear to the hearts of Leathermen everywhere.

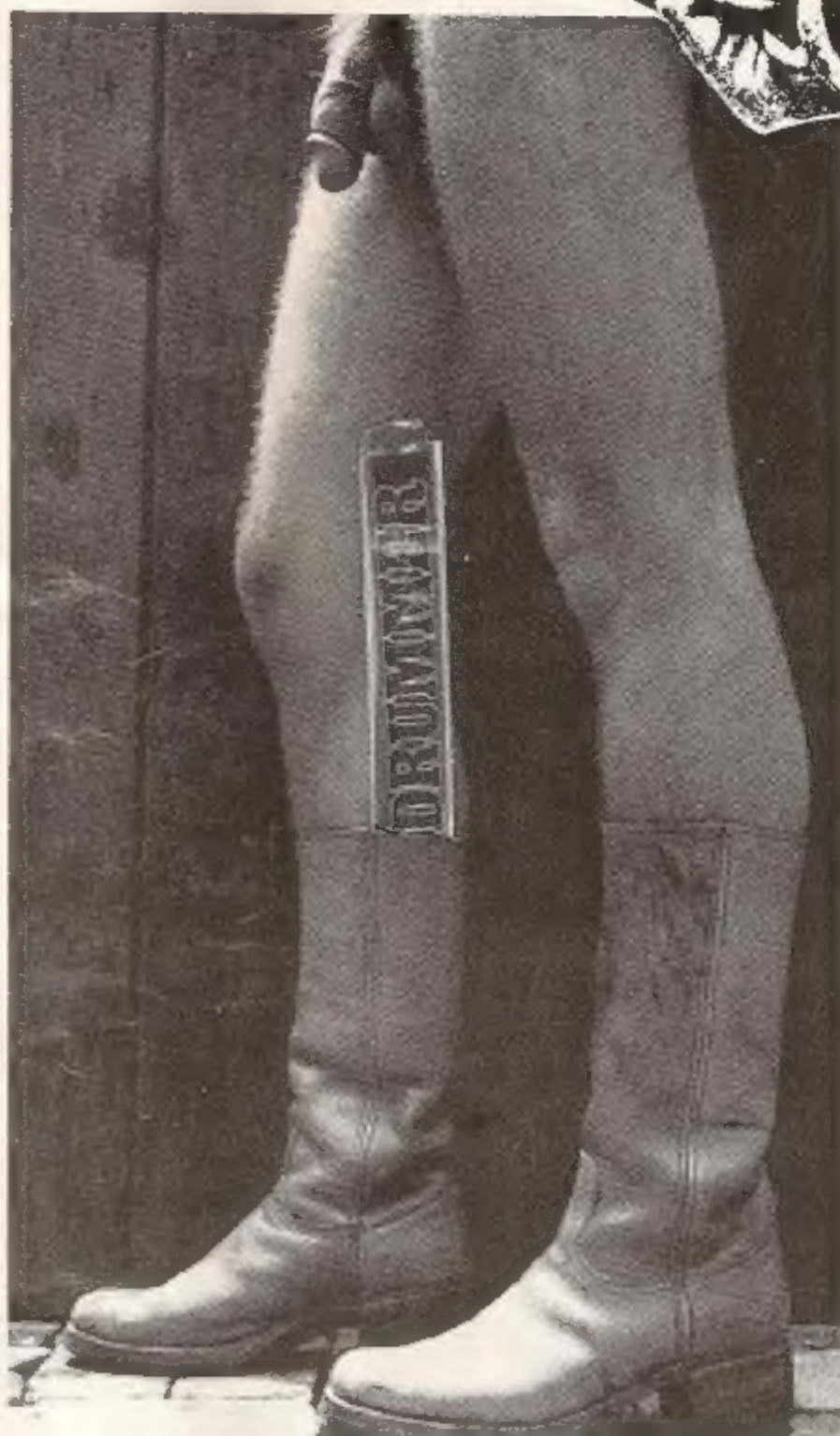
We also have a couple of clarifications.

We regret any confusion which may have been caused by the statement in the review of "Born to Raise Hell" (Issue #4) that "—a print has gone to New York's Museum of Modern Art—." We did not mean to imply that the print had been added to the Museum's permanent collection, nor that the film was being shown publicly by the Museum. A print was indeed sent to the Museum, but for private viewing by the staff only.

And any similarity between DRUMMER's Frank Edwards, author of "Scat, Anyone?" in this issue, and the Frank Edwards who writes for *In Touch* is purely coincidental. Not only are these gentlemen not one and the same, but to our knowledge they've not even met each other.

Now... good reading, good looking. And do it to the beat of DRUMMER!

Jeannie Barney



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